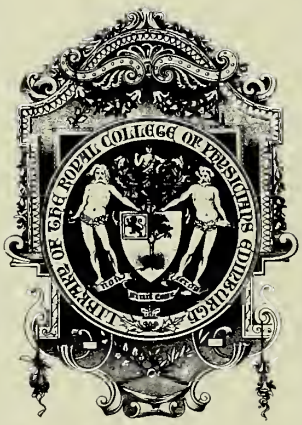

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ANSWER

FOR

THE JUNIOR MEMBERS

OF

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS,

OF

EDINBURGH,

TO

THE MEMORIAL

OF

DR JAMES GREGORY,

PROFESSOR OF THE PRACTICE OF PHYSIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, —PHYSICIAN TO THE KING FOR SCOTLAND,—AND ONE OF THE MANAGERS OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY OF THIS CITY.

Veſter porro labor facundior.
————Petit hic plus temporis atque olei plus,
Namque oblita modi milleſima pagina ſurgit
Omnibus, et creſcit multa damnoſa papyro.
Sic ingens rerum numerus jubet atque operum lex.

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1800.

THE following requeſt was preſented to MR BELL, as the oldeſt of the Junior Surgeons.

Auguſt 9. 1800.

At a MEETING *of the* JUNIOR MEMBERS *of the* ROYAL COLLEGE *of* SURGEONS, *it was Reſolved,*

That Mr John Bell be requeſted to draw up an Anſwer to Dr Gregory's Memorial, to be preſented to the Managers of the Royal Infirmary at their firſt meeting, for the purpoſe of doing away thoſe groſs miſrepreſentations of the character and conduct of the Younger Surgeons, contained in the ſaid Memorial.

That the manner in which this Memorial ſhall be drawn up, ſhall be left entirely to Mr Bell's diſcretion and good ſenſe, ſubject only to their reviſal before it be preſented.

By appointment of the Meeting,

WALTER HARKNESS.

AFTER the Royal College of Surgeons had decided on this intereſting Profeſſional Queſtion, Mr Bell thought proper to addreſs the following Letter to each of the Gentlemen who had done him the honour of appointing him to perform this duty.

SIR,

HAVING now finiſhed the taſk which you, along with ſome other Gentlemen of the College, did me the honour to aſſign me, I have taken from my ſcrutore, the letter in which your general requeſt is conveyed, and I find that it was the deſign of the Gentlemen aſſociated on

that occaſion, that the Anſwer to Dr Gregory's Memorial, and to the "groſs miſrepreſentations of the character and conduct of the Younger Surgeons," ſhould be preſented before the firſt meeting of the Managers of the Royal Infirmary.

Several meetings of the Managers have paſſed over ſince I undertook this unpleaſant taſk. The opinion of the Profeſſion has been publicly and ſtrongly expreſſed. The conſtitutional point has been decided by repeated votes of the Royal College of Surgeons; and I cannot but ſuppoſe your reſolutions ſomewhat affected by the change of circumſtances. The firſt alarm and confuſion has ſubſided, and it is not natural for you to obtrude your name upon the public, for the mere purpoſe of reſenting the indignities done to the Profeſſion.

Your privileges, as a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, are now aſcertained, both by the votes of the College, and by the genteel and liberal conduct of the Managers. Here, then, my delegated office muſt naturally ceaſe; and nothing remains but to return thanks for the honour you deſigned me, of acknowledging any Memorial I might be able to compoſe.

I find, upon looking over my papers, that I have compoſed a Memorial, too long and too adventurous for the occaſion, and am now to decide, according to the dictates of my own diſcretion and prudence, whether it ſhall ever ſee the light. Much is due to our inſulted Profeſſion, and ſomething to my own private character, which ſtands pledged, in ſome degree, for an Anſwer to one of the moſt wanton, daring, and illiberal attacks, that ever was made upon any Profeſſion.

Far from ſupporting myſelf with your name, I ſhall do nothing but with the advice and conſent of my private friends; the ſentiments expreſſed in your letter, perſuade me that I am engaged in no diſhonourable cauſe; and in a right and honeſt cauſe I have no perſonal fear. Although it was at your requeſt I undertook this un-

gracious task, I beg you will be under no uneasiness about my safety. Honour me, Sir, once more with your confidence, so far as to believe, that should I publish, the things I shall say without the authority of your name, will not dishonour our common Profession.

With all possible respect and duty, I remain,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

JOHN BELL.

ADDRESS

ON THE PART OF THE YOUNG SURGEONS,

TO

THE HONOURABLE THE MANAGERS OF THE ROYAL INFIRMARY OF THIS CITY.

> Quid iſte fert tumultus—et quid omnium
> Vultus in unum me truces.

WITHOUT the conſciouſneſs of any fault, without the will to offend, or any occaſion of offending, we find ourſelves called before that tribunal, from which there is no appeal. We are accuſed, in terms peculiarly rude and diſreſpectful, of faults diſcreditable to our profeſſion, and ruinous to a moſt noble charity; and we are accuſed in preſence of our fellow-citizens, by whom we ſhould be received with affection and confidence. This is no private cauſe: profeſſional men, in all parts of the world, will judge us; for they are not refuſed the pleaſure of reading the brilliant memorial. The former companions of our ſtudies will wonder what is become of our boaſted ſchool; they will wonder to ſee the manners, the learning, too, of the city they once lived in, ſo changed; they will be ſhocked, to ſee young men humbled and tamed to chaſtiſement like this.

We are members of a public body; and a public body of men, even of the loweſt order, will demand reſpect: but when the cauſe of a profeſſion, and of ſcience, is involved,

what wife man would proceed to public accufation, without caution and delicacy bordering on fear. This gentleman has violated all the decencies and proprieties of life; as if he had belonged to a condition of life in which they were not valued, or to a profeffion in which they were unknown. He mocks at all dignity, at all femblance of fcience, at all profeffional fkill, faith, honefty, or honour; and we and our cruelties are his conftant theme. Never was a memorial, fo triumphantly infulting, addreffed to a college, to a profeffion, to any general body of men. When we heard of this memorial we had prefentiments of no pleafing nature; when we opened the volume, thofe forebodings were awfully fulfilled.

That fuch a memorial fhould, on fuch an occafion, be fent abroad to the world by the firft profeffor of our medical fchool, is ominous to learning. The fentiments, the defign, the language of this memorial, are fuch as fet us free from all reftraint; at leaft from the reftraint of concealing the want of candour or goodnefs in the author, the want even of fkill to work his work of unkindnefs and cruelty. Your inftitution is mifreprefented, your furgeons reviled, and our profeffion moft cruelly traduced, with this only extenuation, that the liberal author has not even fpared his own. And this memorial is full of things which we will not, nor cannot repeat: yet needs not the author be in any fear, that he fhall want readers to rehearfe and praife his lively exploits againft the cruel trade of furgery. The man who traduces a profeffion, like him who reviles religion, or adds to national prejudices wit, or the femblance of wit, has a powerful influence over certain minds. The author's fimi-

les and facetious tales are familiar to the ear, and congenial with the taſte and genius of thoſe who will moſt readily repeat them. The ſimile of Daniel in the lions den, the learned ox, or the unrelenting Jew, will, we doubt not, be remembered, when the memorial and the memorialiſt have fallen into oblivion.

" Ah! who could fail, that ſhot with ſhafts like theſe."

To you, Gentlemen, the managers of this noble charity, to our profeſſion, to the companions of our former ſtudies, and to our fellow-citizens, we addreſs this defence. Would we could learn the opinions of impartial men, that we might make the public feeling the juſt meaſure of our reſentment, or that we could attain that impartiality which parties can never feel. But when a man enters publicly into a cauſe, where his intereſts and paſſions, and moſt of all, his good name are in danger; he is upon a troubled ſea, whoſe billows will not be reſtrained! who ſhall ſay, " Thus far ſhalt thou go." No ſafety then is left, " but to beware of entrance into quarrels; but, being in, bear thyſelf ſo that the oppoſer may beware of thee."

You are the delegates of the public, and the guardians of this noble charity; to you we appeal: you know how we are inſulted; you will allow retaliation, though you ſhould not approve revenge. We muſt repell inſults hitherto unknown in other profeſſions, and ruinous in ours; but we hope always to remember, that we are in the preſence of thoſe for whom we have a habitual well-founded reſpect.

Theſe expreſſions may ſeem cold and merely reſpectful; but the public knows with what dignity you have fulfilled your duties, with how much delicacy you have conducted

yourſelves towards us and our intereſts, and the intereſt of the public ſchool of medicine. Warmer ſentiments we might expreſs with truth: but we ſtand upon our defence, we are accuſed, and the language of truth and ſincere attachment might be conſtrued into adulation; and the language of adulation would be imputed to us as the ſign of guilt or fear.

Of what fear, of what guilt ſhould we be accuſed? Of neglecting thoſe profeſſional attainments which are to be our ſole ſupport in the difficulties and ſtruggles of life? of being dead to the common charities of our nature? No, Gentlemen, we will not condeſcend to plead to ſuch a charge: in your ſchool, under your own eye, have we been educated in that profeſſion which inſpires humane ſentiments: worthleſs, indeed, would that mind be, which could witneſs all the varieties of human wretchedneſs, without learning to have pity and compaſſion. Theſe are ſentiments which, once raiſed in the mind, do not eaſily expire. There is an inward pleaſure and ſelf-gratulation attending theſe beſt propenſities of our nature, which no man, who has once known them, would forego: they grow continually, and increaſe in ſtrength. The callous feelings of our profeſſion are mentioned only by thoſe whoſe prejudices we can moſt eaſily excuſe.

Our profeſſional talents, our education, our duties, and the endeavours we have made to fulfil them, we ſubmit willingly to the public judgment; but to theſe accuſations we cannot plead. Better we were ignorant of our profeſſion, than wanting in thoſe feelings which ſhould accompany us into every houſe of mourning; eſpecially into that aſylum where the widow, the fatherleſs, and the poor are brought

in time of ſickneſs. In the veſtibule of your hoſpital is ſet up the buſt of its founder, honoured with the name of Benefactor to his Country, and there we read, in the ſimple words of ſcripture, the prayer of the diſtreſſed, "As you have done "it unto the leaſt of theſe, you have done it unto me." Wherever we turn, it is towards objects of compaſſion: we muſt improve in thoſe kind and natural offices, and that inward ſentiment, which ſanctifies even the harſhneſs of our ſevereſt duties. We are not, we cannot be inſenſible to the ſufferings of our fellow-creatures: we pretend to no finer feelings than nature has implanted in every common breaſt; "but we are accuſtomed to ſee people, once the gay and the happy, ſunk in deep, retired diſtreſs: ſometimes devoted to a certain, but painful and lingering death; ſometimes ſtruggling with bodily anguiſh, or the ſtill fiercer tortures of the mind *." We venerate the miſeries of our fellow-creatures, and the profeſſion that brings relief; and we revere the man, who, while he ſpeaks to us of our duties, recalls the beſt feelings of our nature.

We are repreſented as unfeeling, cruel men; claiming that privilege which a humane perſon would abhor. We are repreſented ſaying, in the words of the unrelenting Jew, "This is my bond; I ſtand upon my bond:" though your inſtitution may be diſgraced by our miſconduct, and charity plainly abuſed, yet the hoſpital is ours; this is our privilege, we will maintain the validity of our agreement; our bond is our privilege, "we ſtand upon our bond." No, Gentlemen, this houſe is no property of ours, nor of yours; it is the liberal bequeſt of the affluent and the happy, to thoſe who

* Dr Gregory, the Father's Duties of a Phyſician.

are poor and in diſtreſs. The inhabitants of this city are not the revolving mob of a commercial capital: in our more limited and regular ſociety, every man is known and has his ſtation, and feels and judges for the honour of his native place; and never, perhaps, was there an appeal ſo rude on ſo affecting a ſubject. The inhabitants of this city have laboured for more than fifty years to eſtabliſh a happy and ſafe aſylum for poverty and ſickneſs: from year to year there are new calls on their generoſity, and they are not diſpleaſed, ſince, under your care, this hoſpital has been a bleſſing to the country, and its pride. But now, as if a phyſician were to run through the circle of a ſick man's friends, and to tell them, that he were falling a victim to the ignorance of unprincipled, uneducated men; the inhabitants of this city are told, that unheard-of cruelties are practiſed on the poor; that the chief duties of your hoſpital are adminiſtered by very young men, incapable, inexperienced, ignorant in their profeſſion; who make a trade of blood, who have bought their right with a piece of money, who ſay, like the cruel Jew, "We will have the bond; we ſtand upon the bond!"

The ſcene, which is moſt falſely repreſented, is fifty years of cool deliberate devaſtation, the rights of humanity violated, a great charity wantonly, aye wantonly abuſed. It is a ſcene, which no inhabitant of this city can contemplate without horror, nor believe without deep feelings of reſentment.

Why has he done this? Is not Dr Gregory one of your number, having every acceſs to your meetings, with every private opportunity of preſenting his thoughts and enforcing what he thinks good? Is he not the hereditary Profeſſor of

the Practice of Phyſic in this city, whoſe ſlighteſt word could command attention? Why has he not done this deed of charity in the privacy of your meetings, and gained, without oſtentation, the ſincere approbation of good men? why has he tortured the public mind with needleſs relations of fictitious or of real miſery? But he who can heap unfeelingly jeſt on jeſt, and ſport with the reſpectability of a profeſſion, and with the ſacredneſs of miſery, need not reply! He hath no feeling for his brother; "he is glad at calamity, and hateth the poor."

Why has he done this? Has his mind been thus keenly touched, almoſt diſordered, at the miſeries of his fellow-creatures? No, no! his ſtrong ſenſibilities we hold but lightly: He never paſſed a ſleepleſs night, reflecting what was to be done on the morrow; never witneſſed the ſeverities of the ſurgeon; never ſtrained hard his breath, nor involuntarily clenched his hands at the ſight of another's agony; nor blanched with fear, nor felt the palpitations of anxiety, in the midſt of an eventful operation? Let a man feel the things he can feel, and his ſenſibilities will be applauded. This ſenſibility is not of the right ſtamp: he coolly collects his jeſts, when he would be witty; and as coolly ſtrains out a lamentation, when he would be thought humane. "Is it not monſtrous, that this player here, but in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion, could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit, that, from this working, all his viſage wanned, tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect, a broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting with forms to his conceit? and all for nothing, for Hecuba: what's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he ſhould weep?"

This Gentleman, who is pleaſed to take us and our private matters, and you and your hoſpital, and the poor of this city, into his care---has reſolved to diſplay talents, and feelings, and proofs, and reaſonings which ſhould aſtoniſh the world; and he has ſo ſucceeded, that we cannot envy him his ſucceſs. Abilities, we now perceive, ſhould be reckoned, not the eſſentials of a profeſſion, but its ornaments and its ſafeguards, to fence it round from the attacks of malice and reproach. But his talents are of a peculiar kind. He boaſts of thoſe chiefly which have no relation to the art of medicine, or the affairs of life! which are uſeleſs to his profeſſion, dangerous to ſcience, terrible to all but his enemies, and invariably fatal to every good cauſe he has the cruelty to eſpouſe!

Of this aggreſſor againſt us and our profeſſion we will ſpeak freely, not uncharitably; "for though we have ſome grace, yet have we ſome revenge." There never was a time, when it was more neceſſary for men, in high and reſponſible ſtations, to be an example to youth, to repreſs licentiouſneſs, and to maintain their own dignified ſtation. We appeal to you, Gentlemen, to the world, and eſpecially to our profeſſion: what muſt be now the converſation of our fellow-citizens, of our friends, of our apprentices, of the pupils of this ſchool! If there were diſorders in your hoſpital, it would not have been unworthy of the firſt man in this city, to have ſtept forward, with a generous diſregard of perſonal intereſts, to explain the cauſe in a private memorial, reſpectful, ſenſible, and truly humane. If there were no directors of this hoſpital, to receive advice, with will and power to enforce every needful reform: If advice was diſregarded, charity ſtill abuſed, and the poor

neglected in their ſickneſs,---ſuch offences would have been a theme to win golden opinions of all kinds of people. But ſtrict morality ſhould have been the ſole motive for the accuſation; and ſerious, affecting pleadings, ſhould have ſupported the charge: ſeverity ſhould ſeem painful; impartiality, good faith, and pure, unblemiſhed honour, ſhould ſhine through every public exertion in a public cauſe.

To you, Gentlemen, this is but a Memorial, which you are bound to neglect, which you cannot but deſpiſe; but to us it is a formal indictment; not of imprudence or ignorance, but of profeſſional murders. The young ſurgeon is ſtill compared with the vindictive Jew, who ſtands for law, who claims his bond, the very forfeit of his bond! But when it was the pleaſure of this ſevere judge to place himſelf in the ſeat of juſtice, "He ſhould have thought of that mercy, which droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven, twice bleſſed; it bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes."

Is this the advocate for charity and mercy? Where are thoſe pleadings, which ſhould win the heart, and delude the judgement? He has publiſhed a volume, who ſhould have preſented to you only a few pages: his denunciations are againſt a profeſſion, which he ſhould have regarded as part of his own: he has ſaid things which tend only to diſcord, when he ſhould have aſſumed the bleſſed office of a mediator; and has divided the ſurgeons and the managers, the young and the old, whoſe honour it is to be joined: he has gathered jeſts to provoke the ſkittiſh fancy, when he ſhould have compoſed ſerious and affecting pleadings, which might reach the heart: he has not reſpected the feelings of his fellow-citizens, but has brought home unuſual, and ſad

impreſſions, to the breaſt of every thinking and feeling man: faults he has taken a pleaſure in repreſenting as crimes. The errors of your inſtitution he has not ſpoken of in the mild ſpirit of charity, like one deſirous of reform; but as if he were come from another world, to tell the ſecrets of the priſon-houſe; or as if, inſpired with enthuſiaſm, he were relating revolutionary horrors, and cruelties which could not be concealed.

In the national councils of the Germans, as we are informed by Tacitus, when they were to conſider how any important matter was to be carried, they entered into council, and diſcuſſed the queſtion twice: once drunk, that it might not want ſpirit; and once ſober, that it might not want wiſdom. But this author ſeems to be in a permanent condition of diſpenſing with the firſt part of the Teutonic ordinance, and he diſregards the ſecond. He has forſaken the ceremonial of the north, for the more congenial practice of the Mallay, who, when revolving any deſperate atchievement, "when his mind is overcaſt with that gloomy ſpirit which preſages ſome horrid attempt*," takes opium, and when he feels himſelf infuriated with the doſe, draws his criſs, and runing out into the ſtreets of the city, ſpares no unfortunate ſoul that ſtands in his way.

* "Not having in me the perfect ſpirit of prophecy, *but only that imperfect gloomy kind of it* which is common in this country, and well known by the name of the ſecond ſight, I cannot foreſee diſtinctly what my reward will be for *all my wiſdom, and virtue, and ſelf-denial, and delicacy, towards the angry Knights of the Scalpel; and for* all the pains that I have taken to ſhew, that, though they are no better, they are no worſe than others of the medical profeſſion."

SECTION I.

REVIEW OF THE MEMORIAL OF DR GREGORY.

Totum muneris hoc tui eſt,
Quod mouſtror digito prætereuntium.

If Addiſon's definition of taſte be true, that it is "the faculty of the ſoul which diſcerns the beauties of an author with pleaſure, and the imperfections with diſlike," we muſt confeſs, that in reading over this memorial, we ſeem to have loſt the better half of this fine faculty of the ſoul; but the other half of the faculty, as is uſual with the groſſer ſenſes, has received an increaſe of ſtrength. To purſue the metaphor of this ingenious, and liberal ſcholar, we ſhall read this memorial, as he recommends to us, "aloud, that we may diſtinguiſh, if we may be allowed the expreſſion, the ſpecific qualities of the author." This word ſpecific, as it applies to a medical memorial of ſo peculiar a nature, is of happy import: we do not mean to ſay, that ſpecific neceſſarily implies malignant; as we ſay ſpecific acrimonies, ſpecific poiſons. Beauties may with the ſtricteſt propriety be named ſpecific: we will then proceed to taſte the ſpecific beauties of our author.

We read this memorial with that intenſe and unremitting rapidity which its peculiar nature requires; and before we were aware of any ſpecific effects, had received its full influence. The firſt ſenſations were indeſcribable. We felt ſuch a confuſion of ideas, as no laws of criticiſm, nor any thing we had ever felt before, could explain; the effect was

ſo ſpecific, that we impute it, with a ſafe conſcience, to ſome ſupernatural power. It is not the groups moving to and fro, the fantaſtic and monſtrous combinations, the rapid ſucceſſion of unuſual objects, the turbulence of the whole ſcene, that perturbs the imagination. There is an irreſiſtable vertical commotion of ſenſations and ideas, producing a degree of confuſion which no ordinary head can withſtand. We are ſenſible this muſt be a ſpecific quality of the author; we can impute this quality to no other cauſe, but his deep learning: perhaps he has even ventured on Alchemical and Cabaliſtical ſtudies: it is ſome influence, ſimilar to that which was practiſed, in former days, by a great Arabian phyſician on the Caliph of Bagdat.

" This phyſician, who was celebrated for his ſkill in the occult ſciences, took the Caliph into a private chamber of his palace, which had windows looking to the city; and while all his courtiers ſtood around him, he made the prince plunge his head into a tub of water. The Caliph, in a moment, found himſelf naked and deſtitute, in a ſtrange country, where he betook himſelf to the meaneſt employments for ſupport. He married, and had a family of children, and fell into great poverty, and had lived ſeven long years in this condition, when one day, as he was walking on the ſea ſhore, with his axe and ropes in his hand, thinking how he ſhould earn food for his children, he became diſconſolate, and threw himſelf into the ſea. The moment he did ſo, recovering his former perſon again, he found himſelf ſtanding before the tub of water, ſurrounded by his courtiers! He ſeized the phyſician by the beard, accuſed him of what he had done to him, and related his long and melan-

choly life to the aſtoniſhed courtiers, who could not perſuade the Caliph, that they had never moved, and that he had but plunged his head into the tub of this wonderful magician." Our ſenſations have been ſudden and ſurpriſing as thoſe of the Caliph; we have felt as if deprived, and plunged, by magical influence, into another ſtate of being; hewing of wood, and drawing of water in ſome unknown country; wandering diſconſolate on the ſea ſhore, thinking of our former condition, with the axe and bundle of ropes in our hand, to help us to gain our bread. Such were our firſt ſenſations on reading this memorial.

Willing to give his memorial all the effects of a regular drama, the author firſt marks out ſome very principal characters; then aſſigns to the managers, and the royal college, their places on the ſtage; and then aſſembles a ſuitable chorus to dance round them, to hear the narrative of the drama, and to accompany its ſeveral ſcenes, with ſuch natural and pathetic reflections as ariſe out of the incidents of the fable. When this chorus firſt appears upon the ſtage*, we find it conſiſt, of "lawyers and wig makers,—ſhoe makers and tailors,--milliners,--cooks,--fiddlers,--dancing-maſters,--poſtilions, and phyſicians." Dr Gregory chooſes to fill the ſtage, becauſe, as Bayes obſerves, "Heroic things never ſound well, except when the ſtage is full." All the moralities of life are thus collected into one focus: the aſſemblage of trades and callings gives the author an opportunity of drawing various brilliant illuſtrations from the language and cuſtoms of their reſpective occupations. Like the Greek chorus, his never leaves the ſtage; nor does our

* Page 3.

author himſelf ever depart from their natural ſentiments and expreſſions: It is the preponderancy of this chorus that gives ſuch admirable unity and conſiſtency to the piece. We cannot recollect, that in the whole of the narrative or epiſode, (as there are many epiſodes) of this drama, he has one reflexion unbecoming this illuſtrious aſſembly of perſonages.

Nor would we inſinuate that the chorus is any way imperfect. It is unlimited in reſpect of number, as, at a certain period, it was on the Athenian ſtage. Although our author introduces, at firſt, "only the lawyers, wigmakers, ſhoemakers, and tailors, milliners, cooks, and fiddlers, dancing-maſters, poſtilions, and phyſicians;" yet does he, at an after period *, introduce among them "the grocers, fiddlers, painters, and tailors reſpectively;" and, at laſt, with no ſmall ſolemnity, he uſhers in "the tanners, the butchers, the melancholy ox, and his Newfoundland dog!" who, albeit unuſed to ſuch a preſence, performs his part with unexceptionable gravity, and ſeems to regard himſelf as no ordinary perſon's dog †.

That the dog ſhould be introduced, merely to group with the tanner, the ox, and the butcher, or to ſpeak his part in the chorus, did not ſeem likely; yet we could not account otherwiſe for his appearance upon the ſtage, till we recollected the adventure of Alcibiades's dog; for Alcibiades

* Page 71.

† Vous Seul——————————————
Viendrez régler les droits et l'état d'Appollon;
Mais vous qui rafinez ſur les ecrits des autres,
De quel œil penſez-vous qu'on regard le votres?
Il n'eſt rien en ces temps, a couvert de vos coups.
Mais ſavez-vous auſſi comme on parle de vous?

courted popularity in Athens with all kinds of expedients, and walked the ſtreets with ſo diſorderly an air, that the more diſcerning were uſed to ſay, " that youth, who walks the ſtreets ſo careleſsly, muſt either be a fool or a very great man." After all the more natural expedients were exhauſted, Alcibiades became afraid, leſt the loungers of the porticoes and ſtatuary ſhops ſhould want ſomething to ſay of him. Having a beautiful ſpaniel, he cut off the faithful creature's tail, that they might wonder at Alcibiades and his dog.

There is no ſpecific quality of our author, or rather no phænomenon of his great mind, ſo awful to thoſe who ſtand in the condition of culprits before him, as the facility with which he brings the gigantic force of his abilities, the ſeveral radiations of his unlimited knowledge in logic, law, and metaphyſics to bear upon the queſtion. It is eſpecially awful, to ſee the power with which he works and turns the moſt ponderous engines of the law; " for he knows, and is well aware likewiſe, that the general principles of good logical reaſoning are, and muſt be, at all times, the ſame, and on all ſubjects whatever; for example, the ſame in Scotch law at preſent, as in Greek mathematics 2000 years ago. And likewiſe he knows that, except in mathematical ſcience, there is no ſubject of reaſoning, in which the real uſe and ſtrict application of the principles of logic have been ſo well exemplified, and ſo much attended to, as in law." " Theſe preliminaries I have premiſed (ſays the memorialiſt, *i. e.* the premiſes, being as it were premiſed,) before I ſtate logically that argument which I cannot *state legally!* Why for a ducat! for want of knowledge of the law."---* Yet he

proceeds to give proof of that concentration of abilities, and that natural relation, and alliance, and union of all the ſciences, which the world will admire, and which we are bound to feel, and to lament. Nothing from this moment occupied our minds but fear: we witneſſed the grounds, laws, and ordinances, and ultimate general principles of ſound logical reaſoning laid down; the ſyllogiſms were mentioned: we ſaw a ſolemnity of preparation which might appal the braveſt.

Knowing us to be ignorant (as God knows we are,) of many of theſe things, and wiſhing that we might undergo his operations with decent fortitude, he, firſt, in character of chief logician, teaches us to frame a ſyllogiſm, and tells us how it is compoſed of two parts or propoſitions, the major and the minor propoſition; juſt like an axe and its handle, or a bow-ſtring and a bow; proving, that in the hands of a good logician, who knows how to fit the major and the minor parts into one another, and to draw the bow-ſtring, it is as ſudden in its operation as the engine of a Turkiſh mute.

Next, like one who delights in cruelties, he is in haſte to demonſtrate the force of his engine: he twiſts a ſyllogiſm round the neck of the young ſurgeon, and with a few dextrous pulls makes all the blood of his body riſe to his face! and proves to a demonſtration, that except one (which we may be pardoned mentioning) there is not in the power of the law, another engine ſo formidable, and of ſo torturing a nature as this ſame ſyllogiſm, as old as the Greek mathematics, and as cruel as the "*Criminal* LAW *of* SCOTLAND."

Next, though he had, from modeſty, diſclaimed all legal knowledge, he demonſtrates this perfect learning in the law,

by ſhowing how this law engine, the ſimple ſyllogiſm, may not only ſtop a man's ſucceſſion and inheritance, but his breath. To prove this, he deſcribes next a form of the engine, familiar in all countries, which is called Libel in England, and Indictment in Scotland. But this is a ſyllogiſm of ſuch a ponderous form, that it takes at leaſt fifteen able men to work the levers. Of this engine too, he conveys to us a perfect idea, by converting the ſimple ſcholaſtic ſyllogiſm into the great logical law ſyllogiſm, or Libel.

"In noſtros fabricata eſt machina muros."

He teaches, with great accuracy, how to frame the INDICTMENT; and the form he chooſes is peculiarly ſuited to all colleges. It is an Indictment for murder againſt the Royal College of Surgeons, erected by King James, and moſt imprudently ſupported by ſucceſſive acts of Council, and confirmed by an act of William and Mary: the members of which college, to the infinite harm and danger of the king's lieges lives, "have increaſed, are increaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed *." It is an indictment for a ſeries, ſucceſſion, and perpetuity of murders! not of ſimple homicide, but with malice prepenſe, and formal murderous documented conſpiracies! betwixt ſaid Royal College, and certain managers of the Royal Infirmary. And beſides the formal, and main libel, it is regularly proven, that ſaid College have employed only the youngeſt, moſt aukward, and unſkilful of their number, to perpetrate ſaid atrocities. The major and the minor propoſitions he has made ſo clearly, that he has left nothing for the law to decide, except the fate of the culprits, whether

* Memorial, p. 6.

they ſhall be hung, like Robbers of the Wolga, alive on high gibbets; or put into cages, as our rarer monſters are, to be ſhown for the comfort and perfect ſatisfaction of "the ſick poor."

The notes of the learned gentleman's pleadings on this cauſe are ſuch compleat ſpecimens of technical oratory, that we cannot refrain from indulging the public with a few extracts. We are ſenſible, that ſo ſmall an impreſſion of his original notes was thrown off, that we expect, by printing them again, to gratify thouſands; and we are careful to preſerve thoſe words in italics which were printed ſo in the original copy.

"What that *badneſs* is to which I here allude, which I have already in ſome meaſure explained, and which I undertake to prove and eſtabliſh by the moſt deciſive evidence, &c."

"The *badneſs* in queſtion is not like the *badneſs* of a mercantile tranſaction, implying or conſiſting in *loſs* where *profit* was expected; it is no kind of pecuniary loſs by a diſadvantageous or *fooliſh* bargain. It is *badneſs* relative to ſomething of much higher importance and more intereſting concern, which never can be appretiated in money; and which, if *with-held or impaired*, cannot be compenſated by money; it is *badneſs* relative to that aſſiſtance which ought to be given to numberleſs individuals, poor and unhappy, in their utmoſt need, when health and life are at ſtake with them; *that* health and *that* life their little all!"

"The mere want of medical aſſiſtance is in many caſes ſo *bad*, as to imply, almoſt certainly, very pernicious, if not fatal conſequences. In ſuch caſes, *to with-hold it* voluntarily, would be almoſt as criminal as to ſuffer a wretch to periſh

by *with-holding* food from him. To procure it in ſome meaſure, *but leſs good* than might be procured, is an approach *to that evil to the ſick*, or a *degree of it*, implying *ſome degree of* the ſame criminality in thoſe who *do ſo*."

"I am not to conſider the duty of a Phyſician, to abſtain from giving his patient what he knows *will hurt or kill him*; which would be *little leſs* than an attempt to *commit wilful murder*: nor am I to conſider the duty of the Managers of an hoſpital, not to employ ſuch *murderous phyſicians* in it, or ſurgeons ſo unſkilful, that it would be better for a poor man to remain unaſſiſted with a ſpreading ulcer or a dangerous wound undreſſed, or a broken leg unſet, *than to come under their care*. In the very notion of medical or *chirurgical aſſiſtance*, I conceived there is implied the expectation and *chance of ſome good*. Accuſtomed, as we are in this country, to a great deal of that kind of aſſiſtance, whenever we need it, we ſhould think the total want of it a moſt grievous evil; we ſhould conſider *that* very ſmall ſhare of it which we could get in ſome other countries, nay, in ſome parts of our own, as ſomething *very bad*."

"Though I truſt it is not neceſſary, yet as I ſhould be ſorry, even for a moment, to be miſunderſtood *on ſo delicate a point*, I think it right to premiſe, that, in reaſoning about what is *good* or *bad*, *beſt* or *worſt*, in reſpect of medical aſſiſtance, I mean only what is *more* or *leſs good*, *moſt* or *leaſt good*. I muſt not be underſtood to *ſuppoſe*, or *inſinuate*, that any medical aſſiſtance is *poſitively bad*, as being *worſe* than *none*; ſo that it would have been better for the patients not to *have had it*, but to have remained without the half of ſuch phyſicians or ſurgeons."

" It is *incumbent* on me therefore to ſhew, that, as Managers of the Hoſpital, we are guardians of the health and lives of the ſick poor admitted *into it;* and that, in this view, we have the ſtrongeſt intereſt and moſt *cogent* reaſons for wiſhing to enforce our *legal chartered right;* and for demanding, that *a tranſaction* inconſiſtent with that right, and *cruelly bad for the ſick poor*, ſhall be *annulled.*"

" This I take to be the equity of the caſe."

" The *goodneſs* or *badneſs* therefore which I am to conſider, are only different *degrees of goodneſs;* but the difference may be very great; and that *is bad* which is *leſs good* than what we know may be obtained, either in point of medicines, or of medical and chirurgical attendants.

" If, in one night, all the ſurgeons of Edinburgh were removed to a better world! where it is to be hoped they will all arrive in due time! &c."

The ſpecific qualities of the author's language can never be ſufficiently admired, nor fully taſted, but in large doſes---uſque ad nauſeam. His variety, not only of language, but of matter, is infinite; " for his mind poſſeſſes unlimited powers of inglutition, and his ideas adhere to each other with ſuch tenacity, that whenever his memory is ſtimulated by any powerful interrogatory, it not only diſcharges a full anſwer to the individual queſtion, but likewiſe a prodigious flood of collateral knowledge, derived from ſuch copious and repeated infuſions, as no common ſkull would be capable of containing." The author is full of profound ſciences, and his language naturally taſtes of his learning. It muſt be as difficult to amalgamate the language of various, and perhaps diſcordant ſciences, as the tongues of different nations; the

mingling of terms always produces a curdly ſtile, full of knots and conglomerations; the ſtruggle, to make writing at once learned and intelligible, coſts your Literati many a pang; and is the reaſon why we remain contented in that ſtate of ignorance, which the author is not inſenſible of. He takes, indeed, very unhandſome advantages of us on that ſcore.

Among the ſpecific qualities of every author, the ſtile is always the moſt prominent; and uſually it is, like the manners and exteriors of behaviour, attractive and pleaſing, or repulſive and harſh, according to the education and diſpoſition of the individual. But our much-admired author enjoys the advantage over all that we are converſant with, of poſſeſſing every variety of ſtyle, ſo that no taſte, however capricious, can leave his banquet unſatisfied. Sometimes his ſtyle has all the fervor of an orator; ſometimes the dry and logical forms of the ſpecial pleader; ſometimes all the profoundneſs of a philoſopher: ſometimes he burſts out into the levities of a mountebank: ſometimes the moſt amiable ſimplicity and naivety prevails; now the corruſcations and meteors of genius flaſh upon you, now it is total opacity and thick darkneſs; and ever and anon, the learning, the ſyllogiſms, and the law arguments, fall loud and heavy like the Cyclops hammers: ſometimes all the words burſt out in a torrent! all the ſciences ſeem ſtruggling to get vent at once! and the ſtream runs knotty, curdly, and tumbling through many a page. But what ſtrikes us more than all, is a perpetual bubbling, not ſo much reſembling the rich working of the well-ripened grape, as the frothy briſkneſs of more familiar beveridge. The effervescent ima-

gination of our author, like highly inflammable fluids, is ſubject to violent and viſible ebullitions! Like æther put under the receiver of an air pump, it bubbles and evaporates more and more, as the recipient is exhauſted; while the proceſs produces actual cold, ſuch as congeals the ſurrounding bodies *.

Various cauſes incline us to ſet forth the peculiar and ſpecific beauties of this memorial: the ſubject, the manner, the language, and the author himſelf are all memorable: It is now particularly read in this city, and indeed wherever medicine is known; and it is ſo permanently connected with our profeſſion, that we are concerned leſt its beauties ſhould not be fully underſtood. What a diſgrace would it be to our ſchool, were the greateſt work of our firſt medical profeſſor to be leſs perfectly enjoyed, for want of ſome ſlight comment! We owe him this mark of reſpect: He has been pleaſed to illuſtrate our trade of ſurgery, with very brilliant and felicitous compariſons; and ſuch ſplendentia et vehementia burſt upon us every new leaf we turn over, that the ſpecific beauties of the memorial do, in our opinion, exceed all report, tho' report has not been unkind to the author.

The ſpecific wit of this author is eaſy, pleaſant, familiar; "he does love, like Bayes, to write familiarly;" and his

* N. B. The cold produced by the evaporation of æther and other inflammable fluids, was diſcovered by the celebrated Dr William Cullen; ſo that the preſent profeſſor of phyſic can only be ſaid to have improved upon the beautiful experiment of his predeceſſor. But the perfect emptineſs of the receiver, the unremitting and furious manner in which he handles the air-pump, and the perpetual ebullition of words, makes the experiment very amuſing.—Dr Cullen had no opportunity of trying the experiment in this form.

ſentimental delicacy is now ſo well known, that it is propoſed to gather the Facetiæ Gregorianæ, and join them in form of appendix to that book of jeſts, which has fixed the character of the Engliſh nation for humour and pleaſantry! A book much admired among young men of fortune, captains in the army, and gentlemen on the travelling lay. The appendix, we are perſuaded, will not diſgrace the original work: the author has, in the pleaſant memorial now under reviſal, outdone all his former witty tales: Of the elegance with which he writes the Engliſh language, we have juſt given ſuch ſpecimens as muſt ſurely ſatisfy the moſt rigorous critic; but Latin he writes ſtill more fluently, and fluency is every thing in telling of tales.

Latin to him's no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whiſtle.

The reaſon why we mention this, is, that we have heard, that the author propoſes to tranſlate both the original book of Jeſts, and his own Appendix, into Latin, for the uſe of the German Literati; yet we do not entirely approve of increaſing the notorious preponderancy of German literature (commonly connected with looſe moral and religious principles,) by ſo vaſt an addition to their preſent ſtock *.

Though the memorial is now a common property to all the world, it is particularly addreſſed to his fellow-citizens and fellow-ſoldiers; for he is a ſoldier, "in red, tremen-

* Are not the Germans already poſſeſſed of the moſt delectable ſtories of Monchauſen? they have the Facetiæ Nocodemi Friſchilini Balingenſis; the Facetiæ Bebellii; the Facetiæ Selectæ Poglii Florentini oratoris; the Querelæ Ventriculi of Van Swalve, the Pica Naſi, and eſpecially the jokes and puns of Alphonſus, king of Arragon, and the prognoſtications of Jacob

dous, and hirſute in gold." His memorial has been diſtributed by tuck of drum, to all the officers of this corps. Much of the wit is addreſſed to them, and all of it is at leaſt level to the plaineſt underſtanding. VULFENIUS jokes thus with his fellow-ſoldiers:

"In ſaying this, I mean no diſreſpect to the Surgeons, either profeſſionally or perſonally. Any *one* of them may be a very good ſurgeon; any *two or three* of them (bating only the chance of perſonal animoſity and ſyſtematic irreconcileable differences of opinion) may make an excellent conſultation, ſuch as any phyſician, or any one of themſelves, or any man of ſenſe, though not of the medical profeſſion, would be perfectly *content* with, if his own life or *limbs*, or thoſe of the perſons deareſt to him, *were at ſtake;* and *all of them* taken together, (with only two or three months inſtruction *from a clever drill ſerjeant,*) I am convinced would make an admirable platoon; ſuch *as would do credit to the firſt regiment of Royal Edinburgh Volunteers!!* But how ſuch a platoon can ever ſerve the proper purpoſe of a conſultation! or any good purpoſe, &c."

Dixeris hæc inter varicoſos Centuriones,
Continuo craſſum ridet, VULFENIUS INGENS.

To invent, not occaſional illuſtrations and ornaments, but a ſtile and manner wholly adapted to the loweſt taſte

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Henrichmann. But among the various titles which have been in uſe, we do not believe our author will find one which will better ſuit his intended appendix than the following, "Facetiæ Facetiarum, hoc eſt joco-Seriorum, faſciculus novus de peditu ejuſque ſpeciebus." When the appendix is clapped upon the original work, they will ſtick together, as the Copper Captain ſays, "like two pounds of Butter."

and capacity, beſpeaks a ſtrong genius in this way of writing! This too is among the ſpecific qualities of our author. When, for example, the poverty and wretched condition of the patients in the Royal Infirmary, their looped and windowed nakedneſs, is to be deſcribed; how would a man of real feeling venture to expreſs his apprehenſions? No matter how, the Memorialiſt expreſſes himſelf in animated terms; he does not ſay, as cold as charity! as naked as worms! as poor as rats! Such ſimple metaphors, he was ſenſible, would neither have touched the ear nor impreſſed the imagination. He dilates theſe metaphorical expreſſions into entire and moſt affecting ſimiles. "In all charitable, pious, and generous, and moſt Chriſtian altercations about who ſhould have the care of the ſick poor in the Hoſpital, all conſiderations of what is good for them, are as much out of the queſtion *as the due accommodation in point of board and lodging of the rats and mice, who might get admiſſion into the Infirmary, and chuſe to fix their quarters in it; this, if it were not very ſtriking, and diſguſting, and ſhocking, it would be very ludicrous to obſerve* *."

Is it poſſible to ſpeak more contemptuouſly of theſe poor, bare, unaccommodated creatures? Eaſily! the Memorialiſt never gets ſo low in baſe compariſons, but he is able to get lower. He ventures to tell the world,

* Page 58. We ſometimes ſee things, notwithſtanding the indirect negative of the author, at once ſtriking, diſguſting, ſhocking, and—very ludicrous.

that theſe unhappy people enter into this aſylum of the wretched, only to be ſold into the hands of thoſe, whoſe hearts are mercileſs! whoſe trade is blood! who have purchaſed them and their limbs and lives! who, fifty years ago, or their predeceſſors for them, gave five hundred pounds for the profit of amputating their limbs, and who will, in ſpite of all oppoſition, exact the forfeit of their bond. "The patients (ſays the Memorialiſt) in the Royal Infirmary are not the property of the Managers, nor of the ſurgeons either; nor can they ever be made property, or *ſold or bartered* as if they were; nor can the Managers ever acquire a right of diſpoſing even of *a ſingle limb* of a poor man admitted into the Hoſpital *to the higheſt bidder among the ſurgeons*, or to any bidder, on any other principle or conſideration, or for any other purpoſe, but for the *utmoſt benefit which can be procured* for that poor man, according to the beſt of their judgement *."

But, being in ſearch of low and mean compariſons, he has indeed reached the baſe note of humility, in comparing his fellow-creatures and the ſale of them with the diſpoſal of the city-dung. "They muſt," (meaning the Managers of the Royal Infirmary), "they muſt have had a right to advertiſe the Hoſpital in the newſpapers, to be ſold or let to the higheſt bidder; *juſt as* the magiſtrates of Edinburgh, truſtees for the common good of the city, *advertiſe, to ſell or let, for a certain term of years, the dung of the ſtreets.*"

* Page 133.

If the breach of a moral obligation were to be illuſtrated, from what profeſſions or rank in life ſhould illuſtrations be naturally ſought for? Surely from among thoſe with whom ſuch breach of moral obligation is moſt frequent, and in the trade moſt allied, in the imagination of the Memorialiſt, with that of ſurgery. " I ſhall (ſays the Memorialiſt) *take a very ſuppoſable contract*, between the corporation of *butchers* and that of the *tanners* in Edinburgh. I ſhall ſuppoſe, that, " in order to preſerve an equality among the tanners of Edinburgh," (an object, by the bye, of *fully* as much importance to the public, as preſerving an equality amongſt the ſurgeons), and for other weighty reaſons them thereto ſpecially moving, the tanners paid the butchers L. 500 down; in return for which, the butchers ſtipulated, and bound themſelves under a heavy penalty, beſides performance of the condition, *that all the tanners in Edinburgh, or all of them who choſe, by rotation*, for two months at a time, ſhould have *the hides of all the bullocks* admitted into the *ſhambles*, and ſlaughtered there, at *a certain price*, either fixed in money, or varying in a ſettled proportion according to the price of grain!!!"

" If an ox, at the moment when he is admitted into the ſhambles, were minutely informed of the contract in queſtion, *or were allowed to peruſe it at his leiſure*, and IF he could ſpeak! he might as well ſave himſelf the trouble; neither he nor the ableſt counſel *that he could* employ," &c. &c.

Can any thing be imagined more moving, than the peaceable, unprotected, melancholy ox, thus bewailing his ill fortune? a ſentimental ox, too, able to read, and feel, and ſpeak for himſelf? Is there a creature, wet or dry, by ſea or by land, in all Æſop's dominions, that could read through ſuch a contract without tears in his eyes? This apoſtrophe of the ox might beguile even the hardened ſurgeon into lamentation! Oh! for the melancholy Jacques to moraliſe on the condition of the ox weeping over this contract! "The wretched animal heaved forth ſuch groans, that their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat, almoſt to burſting, and his big round tears courſed one another down his innocent noſe in piteous chace."

Next comes the ſurgeon himſelf, brandiſhing his knife, accoutred as the Jew of Shakeſpeare, and endued with more than Jewiſh malice. "If I ever ſhould meet with ſuch a MONSTER, I ſhould think I ſaw a *real living Shylock*, diſplaying his ſcales, whetting his knife, and *inſiſting on cutting a pound of fleſh from the breaſt of his miſerable debtor*, becauſe it was the forfeit contained in his *bond*. But even the imagination of *Shakeſpeare* could conceive nothing ſo horrible as *a whole college or corporation of Shylocks*, each of them brandiſhing his whetted knife, and claiming his right, in his turn, to cut his pound of fleſh from the breaſts of thoſe whom a rigorous contract had put in their power, and maintaining that this bloody right was indefeaſible, and muſt be tranſmitted unimpaired to their ſucceſſors through all generations."

No; Shakeſpeare never imagined a college of *Shylocks*, and is blamed for imagining one: But this is not Shakeſpeare's Jew: Omitting all the peculiarities of habitual depravity, and national malignancy, and untamed ſavageneſs of nature, all the horrid traits which give conſiſtency to the character, the Memorialiſt leaves nothing of the Jew but the mere thirſt for blood; yet compares him with thoſe men whoſe profeſſion is charity. And why does he make this compariſon? why does he reproach us from time to time with the unrelenting Jew? It is becauſe he is conſcious there is neither truth nor honour in this accuſation: "for though the author's charity exceeds not; yet after ſeven and forty years of life, he has ſeen nothing in human nature that ſhould make him think ſuch a character and conduct *poſſible*." This is the full and true apology for repeating, with ſuch perſeverance, the compariſon of the unrelenting Jew.

Another ſpecific quality of our author is his humanity and delicacy! he would not have the profeſſion ruined by making public his real opinion of ſurgery and ſurgeons: yet would he not for the world truſt himſelf alone with one ſurgeon, or in company with many. He has acted in this reſpect with a degree of precaution by no means congenial with his uſual habits: Such a perfect horror has he at the unneceſſary preſence of ſurgeons, even at a public table, that he has reſiſted ſolicitations of a very preſſing kind for twenty years, and never has ventured within reach of a knife and fork, much leſs of a ſcalpel. He certainly has impreſſed his imagination ſtrongly with

his own favourite ſimile of the Jew whetting his knife: It ſeems alſo probable that he has imbibed from that ariſtocratic Court-Phyſician, Hoffman, a degree of profeſſional hatred, a taint of the true Odium Medicum, which he has not ſufficient diſcretion to conceal. Hoffman writes in the following terms of the relation of Phyſician and Surgeon: "Medicus ſit taciturnus; magis decet ſcribere quam dicere; medicus nimiam familiaritatem cum chirurgo non ineat." "For theſe reaſons, (ſays the Memorialiſt), and ſome others which it is needleſs to mention, I never would be a member of any of the Surgeons clubs or ſocieties, Eſculapian, Gymnaſtic, Harveyan, or Cock-a-bendie Clubs, never, though often ſtrongly invited more than twenty years ago, was preſent as a viſitor at any of *their* clubs, never heard any of *their* orations, not even that one which was an eulogium on my own father!"

Although we find many proud ſuggeſtions in this courtly code of Hoffman, we find no ſuch prohibitions. We think that the oration which praiſed the Memorialiſt's father might have been ſanctified by that praiſe; the pooreſt oration on ſo affecting an occaſion ſhould have been valued like the ill-executed portrait of a departed friend. But there are ſpecific qualities in our author to account even for this: "He has peculiar talents for quarreling with his profeſſional brethren;" "he is the moſt vindictive man alive;" "he has a ſtrong tincture of that paſſion which approaches the neareſt to the genuine

Odium Theologicum;" his wit and affections are equally fervent, " pariter pietate jociſque egregius."

The act of appearing before the public is uſually accompanied with afflicting ſtruggles of natural, unaffected timidity; but by a veteran author, ſenſations of this kind are ſoon forgotten. Of all the amiable qualities of an author, modeſty is that which our Memorialiſt chiefly admires; but the practice he is, like ourſelves, obliged to decline. " His modeſty's a candle to his merit; it ſhines itſelf, and ſhews his merit alſo *:" He loves and praiſes in others that delicacy which he dare not practiſe: He was reſolved to burſt in upon a profeſſion, the character and conſtitution of which he did not underſtand: Tho' ignorant of ſurgery, or the œconomy of Hoſpitals, he was reſolute in writing about them, to ſhake off, by one great and virtuous effort, his natural modeſty, and determined in writing his confeſſions of ignorance with all the confidence of demonſtrations and proofs. He ſet himſelf down to this great work, without any invocation to that Goddeſs, whoſe help he chiefly needed; and felt an inſpiration beyond his beſt hopes;—confidence and preſumption grew upon him ſo naturally, that at laſt, full of enthuſiaſm, he exclaims, in tranſports of ſelf-approbation, " Who is this Drawcan r of medical literature, who ſets all his profeſſional brethren at defiance, and treats their opinions, and controverſies, and obſer-

* Memorial, p. 242.

vations, with ſuch contemptuous freedom? Is he an empiric or a dogmatiſt? What are his dogmas? The queſtions are very pertinent, and may be eaſily anſwered." The Memorialiſt's anſwer is long and ſatisfactory, yet we cannot but conſider the anſwer of Bayes himſelf to the ſame queſtion, as infinitely more deciſive and comprehenſive.

" Pray, Mr Bayes, who is this Drawcanſir?"

" Why, Sir, a fierce hero, that ſnubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he pleaſes, without regard to numbers, good manners, or juſtice."

When we reflect with what earneſtneſs the Memorialiſt praiſes modeſty in others, and how reluctantly he aſſumes this ferocious title of Drawcanſir, we are delighted to obſerve the ſpirit with which he ſupports the full energy of the original.—He declares of the whole College of Surgeons, that they are mad, aye, as mad as Orlando Furioſo at full moon †: That they are drunk, outrageouſly drunk with *Belladona*, *learning*, and *whiſky*: " For learning is a fountain too intoxicating to be taſted, except by thoſe who have breath to drink deep and powerfully; the ſmalleſt taſte produces more diſmal conſequences than the moſt plenteous draughts: " and in

† " Let us ſuppoſe that, in conſequence of this Memorial, every individual member of the College of Surgeons ſhall, to his own ſhare, make forty times more noiſe than Orlando Furioſo did at full moon when he was maddeſt, and ſhall continue in that unparalleled ſtate of uproar for twenty years without ceaſing.

" I can ſee no great harm in all that noiſe, and no harm at all to any but thoſe who make it; it cannot *injure our cauſe*."

ſome conſtitutions," (alluding not to himſelf ſurely, who profeſſes to drink deep, but to ſhallow milk-ſop puny drinkers), the effects of a ſmall particle of it are more *ridiculous* than *dangerous*, the patient only *prattling fooliſhly*, and *acting abſurdly in a thouſand ways*, but not becoming *miſchievous* or *outrageous**. In other conſtitutions, the effects of a ſmall mouthful of that unlucky fruit are much more alarming than thoſe of *deadly nightſhade*, or the *ſtrongeſt Scotch whiſky!* the patient not only *talks, and writes, and acts abſurdly*, and ſometimes outrageouſly, but *quarrels implacably with all who differ from him in opinion*, eſpecially with his own profeſſional brethren."

Which of theſe is the favourite ſtimulant of the Profeſſor, we do not know; but ſurely he owes his inſpiration to ſome ſuch powers: firſt, he imagines a Shylock, and then he imagines what Shakeſpeare could not imagine, a whole College of Shylocks; next, he imagines an Orlando Furioſo, and then a whole College of Orlando Furioſos; next, he imagines a man intoxicated with learning, and then he ſees in his eery moods a whole College of Orlando Furioſos, drunk with Learning, Belladona, and Whiſky!

Once more we laud and praiſe our favourite Author for that bold and brilliant imagination, with which he turns and works his machinery before our eyes, like a flaming Eidophyſicon, or perpetual Panorama, not

* We are ſorry the Author has not yet favoured us with definitions of MISCHIEF and OUTRAGE! Had he done ſo, we might have been able to gueſs whether he had feaſted full of this deleterious fruit, or been unfortunate enough to taſte only that ſmall particle which ſeems to damage the ENCEPHALON ſo eſſentially.

of ordinary and natural ſcenes, but of a new and magic world, where, as the facetious Peter ſingeth,

> " Where ev'ry thing we ſee appear
> Seems to exclaim, " What bus'neſs have we here ?"

Here you ſee the Royal College of Surgeons in the figure of mad dogs *! Here the venerable preſident and whole court of Seſſion hunting like a pack of beagles † ! Here the Univerſity, ſtudents and profeſſors, are compared with a hive of drones ; the young drones ſitting hearkening to the hum of the old drones ! Here the exportation of ſixty doctors in a year is compared with the exportation of wool, hemp, iron, and deal-boards, and cattle, and ſheep, and other marketable commodities ‡ ! Here the adminiſtration of bark and wine is compared with tranſubſtantiation and the Lord's Supper ; the Royal College of Surgeons with " four and twenty fiddlers all in a row ;" and the King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament aſſembled, with their ſpeakers, committees, and debates, are compared " with the occaſional, tremendous, and uſeleſs exploſions of a fire-damp in a Newcaſtle coal-pit !" But, when he comes

* " To prevent miſtakes, I beg it may be obſerved, that this is metaphorical, and not meant as an invitation to them *literally to eat one another ;* for that is the very laſt thing that I ſhould wiſh them *to do.* On the contrary, if I thought my advice could have any weight *upon* them, I ſhould take the liberty ſtrongly to *caution* them *all* againſt even *biting* one another, on any *account or pretence whatever*, eſpecially during their preſent ſtate of exaſperation and acrimony ; for I have good reaſon to think, that even the Ormſkirk Medicine and the ſalt water would not prevent the fatal effects of the bite ; I mean its effects on the *biter*, not on the *bitten.* Of this danger, which at preſent perhaps they little dream of, they will ſoon be ſenſible, if they will conſider with due attention the following aphoriſm of Hippocrates:

> Καπνὸδοκην ποτ' ἐχιδνα κακη δακεν, ἀλλα και αὐτη
> Καθανε γευσαμενη αἱματος ἰσβολου.—Page 242.

† Page 242. ‡ Page 69.

to paſs his laſt important figure before the ſpeculum, he ſtands on tiptoe, ſtretches his neck, and bawls out in the true Savoyard dialect, " Here, gentlemen, you ſhall ſee Jonathan Dawplucker, with his four fell hands plucking me as bare as a fiſh." "This now is * Jonathan againſt Jonathan;—Dawplucker againſt Dawplucker; maſk verſus maſk; diamond cut diamond; fight dog fight bear!" Pull baker pull devil:——which is the laſt glance of this magic lanthorn, now exhibiting *gratis*, in all the principal towns in theſe kingdoms, to the infinite delight and amuſement of all ranks of people.

We have reaſon to believe that the public, and the Honourable the Managers of the Royal Infirmary, have enjoyed this exhibition with general approbation and pleaſure: But theſe lively things have been particularly addreſſed to us; and we, of courſe, have not failed to taſte the ſpecific qualities of the author, with peculiar poignancy. It will eaſily be obſerved, that all the ornamental parts of this piece, are in a very lively and original ſtyle. To have compoſed a few ornaments and enrichments of this kind, but to carry through a volume of three hundred pages, ſuch a profuſion of wit, ſpirit, and claſſical alluſion, attracts our particular admiration, and affords us a fine opportunity for diſplaying our diſpoſition, and, if we may be allowed to ſay ſo, our talent for praiſe.

* We tranſcribe the ipſiſſima verba of the author.

In this meridian blaze of genius, loth as we are to ſpeak even of the ſlighteſt blemiſh, we cannot avoid remarking one ſlight ſpeck. It proceeds indeed from imitating this unlucky character of Drawcanſir too cloſely, and from doing his will without the ſmalleſt regard to numbers, good manners, or juſtice: this begets a certain ruſticity and impetuouſneſs of manner, but, however unpleaſant it may be to others, it can be nothing but agreeable to us; we eſteem it as the rough cruſt that hides the gem: a fine varniſhed mind may have flaws in it, but this is no counterfeit! Yet tho' we love theſe honeſt blunt manners, there be men weak enough to diſlike that openneſs of conduct, which argues every thing ſound within; wherefore, if the author of this Memorial could allow for once a multitudinous conſultation of young ſurgeons, nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus, we ſhould perhaps pronounce for once unanimouſly upon a very delicate caſe. We preſume in the meanwhile to adviſe the Memorialiſt, to retire for a few weeks to that hoſpital which the Spectator long ago founded, for the recovery of ſlighter deviations from good manners. The Spectator, who pretended to cure the diſtempers of the general body, was glad, like leſſer quacks, to have certificates of his ſkill, and among others he produces the following from Frank ——.

"The memorial of Frank F——, Sheweth *,

"That he put himſelf into the Infirmary, in regard he is ſenſible of a certain ſort of ruſtic mirth, which renders him unfit for polite converſation.

* Spectator, No. 429.

" That he intends to prepare himſelf by abſtinence and thin diet to be one of the company.

" That at preſent he comes into a room, as if he were an expreſs from abroad.

" That he has choſen an apartment with a matted antichamber, to practiſe motion without being heard.

" That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps himſelf before a glaſs, to learn to act with moderation.

" That by reaſon of luxuriant health, he is oppreſſive to perſons of compoſed behaviour.

" That he is alſo weaning himſelf from his cane.

" That when he has learnt to live without his ſaid cane, he will wait on the company."

This boiſterouſneſs of manner is the only ſlight blemiſh we ever could diſcover amidſt this blaze of excellencies. Nor could we have diveſted ourſelves of the ſuſpicion, that the very flattering attention of the author to us in particular had biaſſed our judgement, were it not that his character is drawn with a maſter-hand, and by one who could not be deceived! by himſelf. If the character we are preſently to tranſcribe give the lie to any one of the handſome things we have ſaid of the Author, may our right hands forget their cunning.

Since the days of Cæſar, or of Cicero, the prince of egotiſts, it has been the privilege of great men to relate their own great actions. Nor hath the cuſtom in theſe latter times fallen into diſuſe. Has not Rouſſeau committed to poſterity the ever-memorable confeſſions of his juvenile vices, thefts, and immoralities; his vagrant boyiſh years, miſerable manhood, and perſecuted old

age! ſuch loves, and viſions, and egaremens du cœur et de l'eſprit, as make feeling men queſtion whether he had a heart or a ſoul. Did not his fervent diſciple Madame Roland indite alſo her birth and fortunes, her readings of Plutarch, her engravings of watch-caſes, her firſt lively ſenſations, her firſt delicate confeſſions, and all her political career, to that final apotheoſis which Dr Gregory wiſhes to all his enemies, a conſummation which, in thoſe wild and whirling times, ſeems to await all the ſons and daughters of genius. Has not the grave and reverend Franklin, the north ſtar of the new world, delivered down to future times the authentic hiſtory of "his firſt deviations from the plan of moral rectitude;" and all his adventures from the wild untamed period of his apprenticeſhip and flight from his friends, to that in which he was ſo bold as to tell the firſt Miniſter of a Great Prince, that "he would make his maſter a little King," and ſo powerful as to keep his word, by revolutioniſing half the world! But now! every miſs, and every madam!

Madam Roland,
Madam Bulkely,
Madam Badely,
Madam Robiſon,
Madam Godwin,

thinks it advantageous for poſterity that her memorabilia ſhould be preſerved. Lackington comes laſt of all, and relates how he learnt his trade: and many an important anecdote does he tell of ſhoe-making, and pſalm-ſinging; and bookſelling, and conventicling; and court-

ſhip, and hymns, and ſpiritual ſongs; till at laſt he is become a mighty man among the elect, and likely to ſee accompliſhed the moſt inſpiring and prognoſticating rythm of London bells, which ſeemed to ſay, "Welcome, Lackington, Lord Mayor of London."

A laudable cuſtom might perhaps have fallen into diſuſe, had not our Author with a noble diſregard of conſequences reſolved to write his own life. He touches, with a moſt liberal and ingenuous freedom, on many ſlight failings which he ſhould not have dared to mention; and, by a ſort of felo-de-ſe, cheats time, that ſevere juſticer of all that is terrible in his award. He performs, in the following not ignoble manner, his own apotheoſis.

CHARACTER OF DR GREGORY,
By Himſelf.

"And who, it will naturally be aſked, is this Drawcanſir, who ſets all his profeſſional brethren at defiance, and treats their opinions, and controverſies, and obſervations, with ſuch contemptuous freedom? Is he an empiric or a dogmatiſt? What are his dogmas?" The queſtions are very pertinent, and may eaſily be anſwered, thus:"

"He neither is, nor ever was, nor ever will be, either an empiric or a dogmatiſt. He would have been a keen dogmatiſt, but that he found at leaſt ninety-nine in the hundred of medical dogmas were *falſe*, and many of them *ſtark nonſenſe!* He would have been a determined empiric, but that he found at leaſt ninety-nine in the hundred of empirical *facts! were as falſe!* and more than that proportion of their remedies *as inſignificant, and as*

dangerous, as any of the dogmas of their opponents. Of courſe he now *lives a ſad outcaſt from both parties*, juſt like a man excommunicated as an Atheiſt by a congregation of fanatics, and expelled as a fanatic by a royal academy of Atheiſts. He is made of *the ſame ſtuff, and put together in the ſame manner as other men!* and of courſe, in all probability, is neither wiſer nor better than they are †."

" Far from being *more placid and tractable*, he is more *iraſcible* and *obſtinate than moſt men!!!* and if he had ever engaged in medical diſputes, would probably have been as *violent*, as *abſurd*, as *implacable*, and as *ridiculous*, as any of his predeceſſors or contemporaries. He has ſuch *a genius for quarreling* with his profeſſional brethren, that, without even the pretence of any difference in medical opinions, and purely on account of certain differences in *morality*, he has quarrelled with ſome of them *irreconcileably*, and refuſed ever again to conſult with them; firſt telling them, in the plaineſt poſſible terms, the reaſons of that unalterable reſolution; juſt to prevent any miſunderſtanding, or the repetition of ſuch ſcenes as we read of in Gil Blas. He knows accordingly that ſome of his profeſſional brethren *would be glad to ſee him hanged;* and he would not remain very long inconſolable, if the apotheoſis of ſome of them were performed, or if they ſhould perform it themſelves, in that ignoble manner *. He has taught the theory

† We deny his major, but yet grant the concluſion upon other premiſes.

* This is the full and lively deſcription of what the author has defined the true odium medicum, which in malignity far exceeds the odium theologicum, hitherto eſteemed the moſt dreadful of the Neuroſes or diſeaſes of deranged ſenſation.

and practice of phyſic in the Univerſity of Edinburgh for four and twenty years!!! without once throwing out a tub to amuſe the whale. He never thought he had ingenuity enough to make ſuch a tub! or dexterity enough to manage any of the numberleſs ready-made tubs! which were floating around him. He obſerved, *to his great comfort*, that he had no occaſion TO TAKE THAT TROUBLE; as the whale has always found ſome tub to amuſe itſelf withal, *and has never yet ſhewn the ſmalleſt inclination* either to *ſwallow or overſet him and his little bark*. As he never did, nor ever intends *to do it any harm*, he is not in the leaſt *afraid of the whale*. He has not had wiſdom enough to keep himſelf out of all diſputes and controverſies, even in ſcience; and in thoſe wherein he has engaged, he has been *abundantly acrimonious*; as his opponents (probably) will be ready to certify on oath; or if they ſhould not, it is of little conſequence; the fact may be eſtabliſhed without their help, or in ſpite of them †. But, hitherto, notwithſtanding all temptations and provocations, and plenty of bad examples, he has eſcaped the folly of any medical diſputes or controverſies; not by any ſuperiority of underſtanding, for he knows that men, much wiſer and abler, and more learned than he is, have fallen into that folly; but *by his ſtrong ſenſe of ridicule, which on that point was to him irreſiſtible*. From his earlieſt youth, he was admitted *behind the curtain*, and *let into the* SECRET OF THE MEDICAL DRAMA. Having acquired a little notion of *ſome other ſciences*, and of ſcience

† We are ready to teſtify.

in general, before he engaged in the ſtudy of phyſic, he was from the firſt both *mortified and entertained with the contraſt which he ſaw.* He ſoon perceived, that, with reſpect to phyſic, each ſucceſſive age had much more trouble to unlearn the bad, than to learn the good, of thoſe who went before it, and ſtill more to diſtinguiſh between the good and the bad which itſelf produced. After two and thirty of the beſt years of his life, ſpent in learning, in teaching, and in practiſing phyſic, he has found much to confirm, and nothing to ſhake that *unfavourable opinion of his own profeſſion, and of a vaſt majority of thoſe who have taught and practiſed it! ! ! Being a great philoſopher,*" &c.

" A car-man having much ado to paſs with a load of cheeſe at Temple-Bar, where a ſtop was occaſioned by a man ſtanding in the pillory; he riding cloſe up aſked what it was that was written upon the perſon's head; they told him it was a paper to ſignify his crime, that he ſtood for forgery. " Aye, (ſays he), and what is forgery?" They anſwered, that it was counterfeiting another's hand, with an intent to cheat people. To which the car-man replied, looking up at the offender, " Ah! pox take you!—this comes now of your reading and writing."

We are ſenſible how much the Memorialiſt delights in a ſtory, and have quoted this from the jeſt-book, which he is to enrich with his valuable appendix. We know that the meanneſs of the book from which it may be taken, will be no objection with the learned Memorialiſt; he is above all trifling ceremonies, and is ſenſible that

we offer this little ſtory, not for its excellency, but as a grateful acknowledgement for the fine things he has been pleaſed to ſay of us and our profeſſion. It is, we are ſenſible, but a poor vulgar ſtory, yet we hope the Profeſſor will accept it graciouſly, as the Ducheſs did the lapful of nuts, which Sancho's wife ſent her; or perhaps we might apologiſe for the meanneſs of our offering, as Sancho himſelf did when, being made governor of Barrataria, he ſent his maſter a ſtring of gliſter-pipes, ſaying, "Maſter of mine, it ſhall go hard with me but I ſhall find ſomething in this Government to ſend to you, but at preſent I know not what to ſend, except ſome clyſter-pipes, which are very curiouſly turned and mounted in our iſland."

The Author having enumerated the peculiarities of his life, learning, and natural temper, and the SPECIFIC QUALITIES of his ſtyle, we are almoſt aſhamed to have been at the ſuperfluous toil of illuſtrating in detail peculiarities, ſo briefly and liberally expreſſed in his maſterly ſketch. The evidence of a man's own voluntary depoſition, is, to uſe one of the Author's moſt elegant expreſſions, irrefragable. Yea, "it is in this reſpect, we do not ſcruple to ſay, of higher authority than Euclid, or even the axioms of Geometry. Theſe obtain belief, only becauſe they were found to be true; but the controverſial works of the Memorialiſt * muſt be believed whether they be true or not, and the more falſe this character is ſuppoſed to be, the

* This is taken verbatim from the quarto Memorial, page 243, where he gibes at Jonathan Dawplucker.

truer and ſtronger is the evidence." This is the authenticated character of the celebrated author, whoſe chief work in reſpect of wit, compoſition, and elegance of ſtyle, we are now reviewing; an Author diſtinguiſhed in the literary and polemical world; the fifteenth in a direct line of a Dynaſty of Profeſſors †.

No wonder that little men crouch under the hereditary ſceptre, wielded by his gigantic arm: Deſtined for higher matters than to drudge and toil in the ordinary affairs of life, he looks down, like one of the philoſophers of the flying iſland, with contempt and pity on the provinces which he paſſes over: like the inhabitants of that land of ſcience, he has one eye turned upwards to the heavens, while the other looks inwards upon his own great mind, and contemplates, with ineffable delight, the continual working of the intellectual operations, coiling, and recoiling! And to give vent to his great conceptions, he is happily poſſeſſed of that powerful engine, which, being filled with all the words of all the languages, requires but a few turns of its handles to make a book. Born in Brobdignag, and educated in Laputa, he deſpiſes us as contemptible beings, inferior in ſize of intellects, and in bulk of body? He ſteps over and over us, in all the pride of his gigantic ſtature, and lifts aſide the lappets of his

† We mention this on the ſame authority. He is the Fifteenth hereditary profeſſor in a direct line; every year this is mentioned publicly at lecture; and we think it right to allow the author this apology for ſome very extravagant ſentiments concerning his own importance.

Vos, O Patricius ſanguis, quos vivere fas eſt
Occipite cæco.

coat, to let us paſs unhurt beneath the ſtride of his coloſſal limbs. How happy for the poor of this city, and how conſolatory for the Managers, that a man ſuch as as this has been pleaſed to take this Hoſpital under his charge. He has put forth his hand to ſave the ark; but we have to lament, that he has done ſo with more zeal than reverence, and has attired himſelf in that garb which David the ſon of Jeſſe aſſumed, when he clambered about the high-prieſt's gate. He dances before your ark in the very faſhion in which that wiſe king danced and propheſied, when he was reproved by the ariſtocratic daughter of Saul.

"Sae in the gude book are we tald,
Afore the haly Ark;
The guid king David in the days of auld,
Danced like a wud-thing in his ſark."

It is with reluctance we have criticiſed this unparalleled Memorial, and gone "through all the laughable and loathſome familiarities of the author's ſtyle." It is not, alas! the ſhort affecting repreſentation of one, pleading for charity! it is a volume which will remain an indelible ſtain on its Author's reputation! which even thoſe who wiſh well to the cauſe he has eſpouſed will read with aſtoniſhment and regret! which you the Managers of the Hoſpital muſt have peruſed with ſentiments which the dignity of your ſtation will not allow you to expreſs. If this be a pleading in behalf of

charity, it is one which we can oppoſe without ſhame, nor ſhall we be leſs eſteemed by our profeſſion, or the world, for reſenting inſults of ſo extraordinary nature, that even before we had been able to read the Memorial, we heard from all hands how much we were inſulted: every company was amuſed with the jeſts of this licentious Paper, and every jeſt ſtruck deep at the reſpectability of the younger ſurgeons.

This gentleman, whoſe genius (he ſays himſelf) is ſtrong for quarreling, whoſe temper is iraſcible, who boaſts that his reſentments are eternal, who wiſhes thoſe with whom he quarrels nothing but the moſt ignoble apotheoſis, has indulged thoſe propenſities at the expence of many ſacred and honourable duties. A man ennobled by being charged with the ſupport of a great Univerſity ſhould feel himſelf above the reach of private quarrels: his duty is to the general body: while his UNIVERSITY, his COLLEGE, is not inſulted, he ſhould be inſenſible to all injuries which are peculiar to himſelf.

This gentleman, celebrated for his learning and abilities, has made love to a moſt ungracious office. Under the pretence of philanthropy, he has injured that profeſſion for ever, of which it was hoped he would form a chief ſupport: In the name of humanity he has declared to all men, that in the ſcience, from which they expect help in the time of their ſore diſtreſs, there is nothing ſerious: Us and our department of this profeſſion he has treated with the ſeverity of ſatire, the malignity of perſecution, and the levity of a She-

ridan or an O'Kief; for he affects to be the judge and ſatiriſt of all other profeſſions, and the tyrant of his own. With the dignity of a profeſſor to ſupport, he has ſtooped from his reſpected ſtation, to ſnatch at a tranſient applauſe! Some degree of reſentment he could not expect to eſcape, ſome kinds of reſentment he will affect to boaſt of; but how will he avoid the moſt mortifying of all praiſe, the praiſe and laughter of fools? What, would he ſay, were the ritrattos of ſome of his finiſhed ſcenes, "The Surgeon's Progreſs," "The conſultation of the Dog's Paw," "The Cruel Jew, with his knife and ſcales," or "Daniel ſitting in the lions den," to be tranſpoſed from his glowing page to the windows of the print-ſhop? What if that ruinous tale, concerning the chief doctrine of this medical ſchool, were to become the favourite jeſt of his pupils; of thoſe young men who ſhould ſit with reverence and ſubmiſſion to hear him teach ſeriouſly a ſerious profeſſion, and to pronounce with deliberation on the falſeneſs of its doctrines? He has, he tells, been employed in teaching for many years, but he has now "grown wanton, and gives proof to every eye, whoe'er was edified, himſelf was not."

The ſeriouſly-inſulting language, in which he addreſſes us the younger ſurgeons, is ſuch, we will venture to ſay, as never was uſed to gentlemen in public or in private. There are levities not unſuitable to the ſubject, which we might have enjoyed; there are deep and affecting ſentiments connected with this ſubject, in which we could have partaken; the ſeverities

of real wit, or the remonſtrances of a high-minded honourable man, we could have excuſed; but cold, inſulting, contemptuous language, is what no men of ſpirit will ſuffer, what no man of juſt ſentiments would uſe. "*They will have* (ſays the Memorialiſt) *abundance of time to cool.*"—"Our proofs are ſuch as are not irreſiſtible: yet they have taken away all probability, tho' not all poſſibility of a troubleſome litigation."—"If they think collectively or individually! that they are able to refute any of my general propoſitions, they are welcome to *try to do ſo.*"—"We apprehend from their former conduct, that they will oppoſe on this occaſion that alteration, *which I think* eſſential to the good of the Hoſpital."—"Whence ſo damnable a hereſy can have proceeded, I know not: and I do not care either to hazard any conjectures about the cauſe of it, or to ſet about confuting ſuch heretics."

"If thoſe we have to deal with are tainted with this hereſy, we muſt expect them to act accordingly; *and we ſhall have ſo much the more trouble with them.*"

"They, and the counſel learned in the law whom they may chuſe to employ, will *endeavour to make the moſt of theſe arguments*, as it is plain that nothing elſe can avail them."—"But we have no reaſon to ſuppoſe the whole College of Surgeons, or any individual among them, will on this, or any occaſion, ſpeak or act like madmen," *i. e.* "oppoſe what I think eſſential to the good of the Hoſpital *."

* Is not this a very peculiar kind of infanity, that this gentleman, who has nothing to do with ſurgery, who is ignorant of operations, and unacquainted with ſurgeons, who has no intereſt in the ſurgical department in this Hoſpi-

" But if there be any facts or circumſtances, which, on mature deliberation, they wiſh to have as publicly known as this paper will be, LET THEM GIVE ME AUTHENTIC INFORMATION!

We know not how this gentleman came to think of addreſſing language of this kind to men as capable as himſelf of repreſenting to the public the principles of their profeſſion, as capable of judging impartially and honeſtly for the intereſts of a public charity! Nor can we imagine where, among the diplomatic records, in Imperial Ukaſe, or in Turkiſh Firman, the Author found precedent for this auguſt ſtyle! but well we know, that nothing has been promulgated by Paul, Emperor of all the Ruſſias, in his preſent perturbed ſtate of mind, more ſupreme than this declaration: it is not even excelled by that flaſh of a diſordered mind, which Mr M'Kenzie has repreſented in one of his characters, " Yes, Sir, but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it *."

The levity of our reply has a natural correſpondence with the licentiouſneſs of this Memorial. We are writing in ſelf-defence, and not in the cauſe of public charity; yet we hope we are not inſenſible to generous emotions, nor

tal ſhould not only inſtruct the College of Surgeons, but inſtruct them in ſurgery, and the conduct of the ſurgical wards, ſhould imagine his intereſt in this to be ſtronger than theirs, his judgement to be ſounder, or his humane feelings more ſincerely intereſted. That ſuch a perſon ſhould ſay, " That alteration which I think eſſential to the good of the Hoſpital," is very preſumptuous; but that he ſhould upbraid thoſe, with having loſt their reaſon, who do not aſſent to his opinions, is like the man who, when his eyes reel with intoxication, ſwears that the houſe is going round, the chairs and tables moving, and the people about him tipſy. " Drunk, very drunk."

* " Why, yes, Sir, the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Cham of Tartary."

impenetrable to reproof. There have been men in this Univerſity, before whom we could have bowed down with reverence. We ſhall quote the words of an OLD PROFESSOR, who felt that there was ſomething important in his office, ſomething ſerious in life; who felt for the dignity of his profeſſion, the calamities of human nature, and the ſufferings of the poor: We ſhall quote the gracious, dignified, manly ſentiments of the Memorialiſt's father, a man ſo eſteemed, that in theſe times we hardly know to whom we ſhould transfer the regard his character and writings inſpire. We call on one who will ſpeak to him, " poſſim crematos excitare mortuos."

" There are ſome peculiar circumſtances in the profeſſion of a phyſician, which ſhould naturally diſpoſe him to look beyond the preſent ſcene of things, and engage his heart on the ſide of religion. He has many opportunities of ſeeing people, once the gay and the happy, ſunk in deep retired diſtreſs; ſometimes devoted to a certain but painful and lingering death; ſometimes ſtruggling with bodily anguiſh, or the ſtill fiercer tortures of a diſtracted mind. Such afflictive ſcenes, one ſhould ſuppoſe, might ſoften any heart, not dead to every feeling of humanity, and make it reverence that religion which alone can ſupport the ſoul in the moſt complicated diſtreſſes; that religion which teaches to enjoy life with chearfulneſs, and to reſign it with dignity."

Serious duties will beget ſerious thoughts, but they muſt be long familiar in the mind before they can be thus happily expreſſed. One plain word of this good old man marks a feeling mind more than all the effuſions of

ſenſibility that Sterne ever contrived; his fervent expreſſions repreſent a feeling which muſt have ſunk down into his mind. "He had many opportunities of ſeeing the gay and the happy ſunk in deep retired diſtreſs!" Such were the ſentiments of the truly liberal and gentlemanly old man, who once filled that chair which his ſon now occupies! who, in compoſing this moſt valuable book, on the Duties of a Phyſician, on the moralities and decencies of life, thought, good eaſy man, full ſurely, he was leaving a legacy to his ſon. With ſober reaſon, and manly dignity, did he ſupport his profeſſional honours.

——"Direct me to
A quip or merry turn in all he wrote;
And I conſent you take it for your text,
Your only text, till ſides and benches fail.
No; he was ſerious in a ſerious cauſe,
And underſtood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not ſtoop
To conquer thoſe by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and ſoberneſs aſſail'd in vain."

We praiſe the dead that are dead, more than the living that are yet alive, and wonder how they can be remembered without affecting recollections riſing in the mind, accompanied with a ſtrong ſenſe of preſent duties. When a father's name is mentioned, it ſhould be with deep ſentiments of reverence, tenderneſs, and affection; and this ſhould diffuſe a melancholy and plaintive tone through thoſe paſſages where ſuch a name was remembered. Even when a Cullen dies, his faults ſhould die with him, while that only which is worthy of praiſe

(as much is worthy of praiſe in what he has done for our profeſſion) ſhould be alone remembered. To be ungrateful to thoſe who are gone, is not like a man of learning and ſcience, who hopes for reverence from future ages. To all men of ſcience it is mortifying and diſcouraging to ſee this; to ſee, within a few ſhort years of his death, that man, whoſe liberalities and charities were long felt in this city, quite forgotten! That phyſician, whoſe doctrines have almoſt created this ſchool, (for he, after Monro the father, is its ſecond founder), mentioned with contempt, in his own ſchool, and from the very chair he filled ſo honourably!—"A tub to amuſe the whale!" Could Cullen indeed ſay this? Cullen, the proud and jealous author of a doctrine which had enſlaved the medical world, could he declare that doctrine to be a cheat? It is not to be believed: a regard for conſiſtency and decency, a regard for the ſacred office he profeſſed, a regard for his own laſting reputation, which ſtood on this ſole point; reſpect for his predeceſſors, and juſtice, and honour, towards thoſe who were to ſucceed him in his office, muſt have reſtrained him, even in the preſence of a friend: vanity muſt have reſtrained him, if no better ſentiment dwelt in his mind †.

† "There muſt be a Tub to amuſe the whale," ſaid Dr Cullen to my father. Dr Cullen's anſwer was that of a man of genius, who thoroughly underſtood his own profeſſion, and the ſituation in which he was placed. It conveyed more knowledge of human nature than I have been able to find in a great and very popular work on the Theory of Phyſic, which has been more highly extolled than any that has been publiſhed in my time, and which ſeems to "*have been compoſed in ſober earneſt.*"

The work now for the firſt time entitled, The Tale of a Tub, is the doctrine of the celebrated Cullen; and it is told, on authority more convin-

How will the enemies and rivals of this ſchool rejoice, and ſerious men lament, and thouſands, who practiſe according to the doctrines of Cullen, grieve to hear of this wanton aggreſſion ?—to hear his ſucceſſor, his immediate ſucceſſor, pronounce, even from that chair where he ſat many an anxious day to teach this doctrine, pronounce, that " the dogmas of medicine are ſtark nonſenſe ;" " its facts, nay, its very facts, lies ;" and " the chief doctrine of the ſchool a cheat ?" What will the world think, when they hear this gentleman commend the greateſt Profeſſor of this ſchool for that dereliction of his own doctrine, which degrades him from the rank of ſcience, and for that hypocriſy, which crowns his name and memory with diſhonour ?

Diis depellentibus agnam percute.

You, Gentlemen, the Managers of the Royal Infirmary, to whom we addreſs this remonſtrance, you remember the venerable Cullen, when he ſat as one of your number. You well remember, that tho' he was a liberal, yet was he a ſerious man. You will not affect to underſtand his doctrines; but you have witneſſed their influence, and the enthuſiaſm they inſpired. He made proſelytes of all the world; and even now, that the life and ſpirit of

cing than the demonſtrations of Euclid, &c. that it is an impoſition, a mere experiment on the credulity of the world ! The *ſituation in which he was placed*, was that of playing the hypocrite through all his life; a ſituation, however honourable to a man of genius, very diſtreſſing to a man of honour. The popular work on the Theory of Phyſic is that of Dr Darwin, whoſe name ſhould never be mentioned but with reſpect. We beg leave to ſuggeſt, that perhaps it is popular, becauſe it is written in ſober earneſt. Dr Gregory has gone far lengths in practiſing upon his own peculiar and favourite doctrine, " that a thing cannot be popular if written in earneſt."

that doctrine is gone, its remains are consecrated. To know his theories, to repeat his definitions, to profess to be the admirer and defender of Cullen, has always been in this University the sole and sure passport to Medical honours. Nor has this regimen and academic discipline relaxed of late years: To these dogmas, true or untrue, is every young man obliged to yield assent, "mouth, honour, breath, which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not." In what light must this enforced obedience appear, now, when the doctrine is declared to be a tale! a very cheat?

The medical school of this city has, like an individual, enemies, and envious ones; and it has its quarrels, too! well supported, envious feuds, which have lasted for fifty years. Could no such enemies be found to trample upon the chief doctrines of this school, and traduce the memory of its second founder? If there be in our profession that contemptible craft and mystery which will not bear the light; if medicine be indeed, what scoffers have reported our holy religion to be, an invention to cheat the world; if our Colleges are the temples of lying gods, could none be found to reveal the unholy mystery, but these, the very children of the High-Priests, bred behind the altar, who have crawled up by night to devour the rich offerings given to Baal? Now that their own order is untrue, there is no need to strew ashes before the altar, to trace the prints of their foot-steps. There needs no Daniel come to judge them †.

† I was very early, says the Memorialist, *admitted behind the curtain*, and understood the mystery, and was diverted with the "young drones, sitting listening to the hu[illegible] of the old drones."

If the Cullenian doctrine be falſe, why reproach us with our once eaſy faith? But the world is given to change, and that, too, will be reformed! If the author of that doctrine knew it to be untrue, why ſhock us with the tale of his duplicity, and make us feel that we are the fools of his cunning? Why is this blurted out in the face of the credulous world?—Is it to ſhew how well this old Profeſſor knew the myſtery of his trade? Or is it the apology of his ſucceſſor for neglecting thoſe ſerious and important duties which belong to his office? Or is it to remind us that thoſe puerile fabrications are all unworthy of that ſoaring mind, which ranges through the myſteries of law, logic, and metaphyſics, and whoſe piercing eye, and keen ſtyle, "anatomiſes the ſoul of Judas Johnſtone, a vile miſcreant," and of Jonathan Dawplucker, and the younger ſurgeons? Much as thoſe atchievements may imply of acute genius, they are far below the hereditary dignity of a Profeſſor, whoſe exertions in behalf of ſcience are due to the public, for they are bought with high offices and emoluments, and with titles and honours which ſhould not be tarniſhed.

Dr Gregory, if he have high abilities, is reſponſible for the abuſe of the talents with which Heaven has bleſſed him; and he needs not be told, that "every ſtate and ſtation in life implies certain moral duties *," which it ſhould be our chief honour and pleaſure to perform. His better judgement may revolt againſt the taſk of framing doctrines in a ſcience ſo diſtreſſingly uncertain in its prin-

* Gregory's Memorial, paſſim.

ciples as medicine is: His genius and learning may enable him to perform other and more important ſervices to that ſcience: His uncontrouled ſpirit may incline him to deſpiſe the counſel, and be indifferent to the good wiſhes of thoſe whoſe profeſſion he treats with ſo little delicacy. Yet we beg leave to aſſure this gentleman, that while we are ſincerely zealous for the honour of that ſchool where we firſt perceived the dawn of ſcience, we wiſh him nothing but the moſt honourable employments, befitting his ſtation in the Univerſity; ſuch as will wipe away the remembrance of this rude aſſault, and number him once more among thoſe whom we reſpect and honour.

If there ever was a time when the office of a teacher was important, it is now, when debate has taken place of ſcience, and philoſophy of religion. Coarſe familiarities, and unmannerly jeſts, will not win the favour of pupils, nor impreſs any ſentiments which are not to be feared; while the ſedate carriage, the manly ſentiments, the ſtern reproofs, of an old Profeſſor, beget both love and reverence.

" In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a ſage, called Diſcipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely ſilver'd o'er,
Beſpoke him paſt the bounds of freakiſh youth;
His eye was meek and gentle, and a ſmile
Play'd on his lips; and in his ſpeech was heard
Paternal ſweetneſs, dignity, and love.
The occupation deareſt to his heart
Was to encourage goodneſs. He would ſtroke

The head of modeſt and ingenuous worth,
That bluſh'd at its own praiſe; and preſs the youth
Cloſe to his ſide, that pleas'd him. Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the paſſions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as ſometimes chance it muſt,
That one among ſo many overleap'd
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew ſtern, and darted a ſevere rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with ſuch fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Loſt favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Diſcipline, a faithful ſervant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years;
A palſy ſtruck his arm; his ſparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice, unſtrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd deriſion more
Than reverence, in perverſe rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Diſcipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemployed, fell ſick and died.
Then Study languiſh'd, Emulation ſlept,
And virtue fled. The ſchools became a ſcene
Of ſolemn farce, where Ignorance on ſtilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the ſcholar's part,
Proceeding ſoon a graduated dunce.
Then compromiſe had place, and ſcrutiny
Became ſtone-blind, precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whoſe purſe was ſo."

SECTION II.

OF THE NATURE OF THAT CONNECTION WHICH ESSENTIALLY SUBSISTS BETWIXT HOSPITALS AND SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE.

" He that is firſt in his own cauſe ſeemeth juſt, but his neighbour cometh and ſearcheth him,"

" Is a contract more *tolerable*, more *tenable*, or *leſs* cruel, *leſs* unjuſt, *leſs* abſurd, which, without expreſſing in words that hateful condition, neceſſarily implies it in fact."

From the voluminous memorial addreſſed, not to the Managers of the Infirmary, but to the World, we have copied this ſummary libel againſt the Managers, the Surgeons, the inſtitution itſelf, and all who have been concerned in the conduct of it for fifty years. It is, on the grounds of this libel, that the former managers, nay the noble and liberal founder himſelf, are convicted of treaſon and perjury, of ſelling the privileges of this houſe to ſurgeons. They are accuſed of an itching palm; they are convicted of ſoiling their hands with a bribe! and " a bribe is broad Engliſh, for a reward given to pervert the judgement *."

* That the author ſhould chooſe to diſtinguiſh this expreſſion as " broad Engliſh," is rather ſingular. It is indeed broad Engliſh, but in the midſt of

We will not condeſcend to retort this uncivil language, nor ſay of this memorial, that it is *intolerable*, *unjuſt*, *cruel*, and *hateful*. It is indeed written in a very peculiar ſtile, but that can be eaſily explained, if not pardoned; it proceeds from a very natural cauſe. "He thinks himſelf obliged, in the conduct of this argument, to take nothing for granted that can admit of proof; and eſpecially, to take nothing for granted that is favourable to his own cauſe; but to imagine

his Memorial, not much to be diſtinguiſhed as particularly broad. It is broad Engliſh we willingly confeſs, but by no means a ſpecimen of that ſound, logical reaſoning, which we thought the Memorialiſt as proud of, as of writing broad. The Memorialiſt ſays, the five hundred pounds, given by the Royal College of Surgeons, is "logice, a bribe or gratification;—a reward to pervert the judgment." In our poor opinion, a bribe is not a reward, for it is given before: it is an inducement to perverſe actions, in ſpite of judgment and conſcience; that the judgment remains unperverted, makes the chief criminality of the Bribee.

But we obſerve our Memorialiſt, with the rapidity of true genius, diſtorting many of his definitions into very intricate anagrams and rebuſes; we could amuſe a Senatus Academicus for a whole winter evening with anagrammatic definitions out of the Profeſſor's Memorial. Can any performance of the kind be more ingenious than the Profeſſor's definition of an Iota.

Definition of an Iota,

By Dr Gregory, Profeſſor of Phyſic, and Practitioner in Law, Logic, Metaphyſics, and Philology.

"Thus, for example, the *Homoouſions* and the *Homvioufions* of the Greek church perſecuted one another with the moſt unrelenting hatred, far worſe than ever ſubſiſted between Mahometans and Chriſtians, though they differed only by one letter, and that one the ſmalleſt letter of the Greek alphabet; *ſo very, very, very, very ſmall, that the name of it has, even in our language, become proverbial, to denote the ſmalleſt poſſible or conceivable object of the human underſtanding!*"

and conceive, argue and ſet forth, whatever might be maintained by the younger ſurgeons, or in their name, by counſel learned in the law; with whom it is a point of honour, and indeed of *profeſſional and moral duty*, to give up no argument, however *unpopular*, *ungracious*, or *ſhocking*!"---This is the theory of his whole volume; it is the very heart of his myſtery: much honour may it be to him, that he has invented a theory ſo new in the profeſſion of the law, and he has illuſtrated his theory by a ſpecimen of conſummate practice. We truſt the diſcovery will be accepted by the profeſſion as an expiatory ſacrifice for the burleſque informations, indictments, and pleadings of this amateur in legal knowledge.

Having thus graciouſly conſtituted himſelf patron of the Royal College of Surgeons; regarding that ſociety as an elymoſinary inſtitution, a ſort of appendix to his profeſſion, which he is called upon to defend without fee or reward, he proceeds, in the execution of that *ferocious moral duty*, ſelf-ivnented, and which he delights to perform. He plays the lawyer's part for thoſe who are perhaps little pleaſed with this retrograde logic, and who have but a ſlender confidence in his knowledge of the law. He proceeds to contrive every unpopular, ungracious, ſhocking argument, with ſuch alacrity and ſpirit, as indicates the moſt favourable talents and diſpoſitions. He opens our cauſe in forma pauperis, and we would not violate the character he has been pleaſed to aſſign us; poor even in thanks, we can offer no other reward than the honour of this generous exertion in our behalf: the fame of the pleading is all his own: without "the tongues of either of the Erſkines," he has executed a department of the law

in which both their tongues would have faultered and failed them.

> Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, fermo
> Promptus, et Iſeo torrentior: Ede quid illum
> Eſſe putes.

Sixty years ago, when the intereſts of the Royal College, and what is more important, the intereſts of ſcience, and of medical ſchools, were ill underſtood, a memorial was compoſed in behalf of the Royal College of Surgeons, by ſome perſon or perſons, not only void of humanity, but of cunning, to conceal contemptible deſigns, and mainly ignorant of the intereſts of that ſociety for which the memorial was compoſed. Such is the memorial which Dr Gregory has had the happineſs (for to him it muſt be a great happineſs,) of finding out, and he has hung it up as the corpus delicti, the ſubject-matter of impeachment. The contract unfortunately, (though we ſhould ſuppoſe innocently enough, for the Royal College) records a donation on their part of five hundred pounds; and, by a vicious and perverſe logic, the acquiring of this piece of money is repreſented as the ſole object and deſign of the Managers: to retain this L. 500 is repreſented as the chief wiſh of their ſucceſſors: while the privilege granted in return to the royal college is repreſented to be that "of all the members of that college, the youngeſt and the oldeſt, the good and the bad, the worſe and the worſt, cutting and operating upon their fellow-creatures, whoſe limbs and bodies (but that was couched in metaphor,) were ſold to the higheſt bidder, like the dung of the city, the ox to the ſhambles, or the ox's ſkin to the tan-pit."

This is the ſum of the argument, and theſe the gracious

terms in which it is expreſſed. And from the period in which our voluntary counſel, learned in logic at leaſt, if not in humanities and in the law, diſcovers this memorial, his genius ſeems to gain new vigour; his unpopular, ungracious, and ſhocking arguments, run with a fuller current; he utters nothing but the moſt pathetic lamentations about the bribe! the corruption! the injuſtice and cruelties to the ſick poor! the *pactum illicitum*! the daily murders! the FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

> "Felix orator quoque maximus et jaculator
> *Cantat bene* *.

The mock pleadings upon this pactum illicitum have been dilated into a tedious volume, but they are pleadings which do no diſcredit to the theory of this ferocious moral duty. They are unpopular, ungracious, and ſhocking; they need no reply. Never will we allow the connection, the liberal connection of the Royal College with this Royal Infirmary, to be regarded in this degrading point of view. We plead none of thoſe ungracious and ſhocking arguments; we claim not our bond; we claim not the 500l.; we will never maintain the validity of any contract inconſiſtent with the public good. If we appeal to you, Gentlemen, it is in reaſon, conſcience, and honour; we ſtand upon the univerſal principles of ſcience, and the conſtitution of our profeſſion: thoſe are rights which we will never relinquiſh, and cannot be aſhamed to claim.

* If the Memorialiſt would, at our requeſt, have the goodneſs to make out the Etymology of *Canting*, with the ſame felicitous ſpirit of inveſtigation that he has made out the definition of an Iota, he would gratify the whole literary world.

It is never to be forgotten in this controverſy, that in place of partial and ſelfiſh intereſts, we are ſpeaking of medical ſcience and medical inſtitutions; a College, an Infirmary, and a public ſchool of Practice. We are come to iſſue now on points important to all ranks and degrees of men; we are debating about the right education of ſurgeons, and the general ſafety of the public: we are diſputing about the training of young men, not to a philoſophical, but to a practical art; we are reaſoning upon the principles of a profeſſion, the eſſential and inviolable connection betwixt colleges and medical ſchools, and the relation of thoſe inſtitutions to the public good. Whatever may have been the opinions of former generations, we have our own; we hope they are not leſs humane and liberal than thoſe of former ages; and we appeal to you, Gentlemen, in a happy period, when ſcience is improved, and charity is univerſally felt to be a public duty.

Of all arts, medicine, as it is the moſt uncertain, is that which requires, more than any other, to be taught by example. To read in books, the characters, ſigns, and definitions of diſeaſe, will go but a little way towards forming a phyſician: that critical eye, that ſkillful touch, by which we diſtinguiſh diſeaſe, are acquired only by uſe and practice. To become ſkilful, a man muſt live among the ſick: he muſt have lively feelings, and a ſympathizing nature; his mind and ſenſes muſt be deeply impreſſed with the character of every peculiar kind of ſuffering; he muſt have that inward ſympathy with the diſtreſſes of his fellow-creature, which fills the mind with ſincere and affectionate intereſt. What can more aggravate ſickneſs, than to tell the long tale of miſery to one who merely liſtens, who betrays no touch of compaſſion,

whoſe cold and formal inquiries imply no intereſt, and end with a preſcription in form. Such a man never learnt his profeſſion, will never learn it: he has no feelings towards his individual patients, and can have no enthuſiaſm towards his general duty. In our profeſſion, young men ſhould have inſtilled into their minds that ſympathy with the ſufferings of their patient, and that keen ſpirit of inveſtigation ſhould be rouſed in them, which refines every ſenſe, and quickens the intellect.

To be initiated into our profeſſion, is not merely to be taught the principles of Chemiſtry, and the Anatomy of the human body; but it is to be intereſted in the inveſtigations into the nature of diſeaſe; to feel an intereſt in the fate of each patient; to form apprehenſions for his ſafety which perhaps he himſelf does not feel; to be impreſſed with the remembrance of former caſes, where the ſame diſorder was attended with danger; to be alarmed by changes of voice, pulſe, and countenance, which make no impreſſion even on the patient's friends. This is the true initiation into our profeſſion; and he, who is once full of theſe ſympathies, takes an intereſt in every caſe, and ſtudies with unremitting diligence. Where can thoſe impreſſions come ſo home to the mind, as in a great hoſpital? What period ſo favourable as that of youth?

Every young man, whether he be a ſurgeon, or a phyſician, ſhould be accuſtomed to the forms of ſwellings, inflammations, ulcers, wounds, luxations, fractures, and all the conſequences of outward diſeaſe or injury; and he ſhould be familiar with the ſymptoms of fever, the appearance of eruptions, the variations of the pulſe, the

affections of the breathing, and thoſe changes in the complection and features, which accompany diſeaſe; he ſhould know the ſigns of ſafety, and danger! of life, and death.

In every country in Europe, where medicine and ſurgery are taught, and real charity and philanthropy are known, the hoſpitals are the avowed ſchools of practice. Nor is it more important, that the poor ſhould be cared for with humanity, ſkill, and charity, than that thoſe inſtitutions ſhould ſerve this chief end, of breeding well-inſtructed phyſicians and ſurgeons, fitted to officiate, and to excel in the various departments of private life: for ſtill in private life, they officiate to the rich and to the poor!

But how are colleges and hoſpitals to be connected with each other? How ſhall we join the theoretical with the practical part of a medical ſchool, preſerving, at the ſame time, that good faith and natural duty which exiſts betwixt man and man? How, without violating the inborn and eſſential rights of our fellow-creature, ſhall we expoſe him a ſpectacle of diſtreſs, and an example of the various methods of curing diſeaſe? How ſhall we dare to bring out our fellow-creature naked, and lay him upon a table, amidſt hundreds of ſpectators, writhing under the pains of an operation! ſuppreſſing his cries, becauſe he feels, (even the loweſt man muſt feel at ſuch a moment,) that his nature is degraded? Yet even this muſt be done!

In medicine, as in religion, in adminiſtering to the diſorders of the body as to the infirmities of the mind, we are bound to make every decent and reſpectful proviſion for the poor. Ours is a profeſſion which relates not to the care of riches or reputation, but of life itſelf; and it is with no

ſmall precaution that men are received into it. By the care with which teachers are choſen to inſtruct youth, by thoſe decent ſolemnities with which young men are received into their profeſſion, and aſſimilated with their reſpectable and elder brethren; by thoſe oaths of ſecrecy, fidelity, and honour, by which they are initiated,—the public has good aſſurance, that none are received who are not in ſome degree worthy of the important charge.

It is for this cauſe, that colleges of medicine and ſurgery are eſſentially connected with hoſpitals, and acknowledged as the higheſt profeſſional authority in every well-ordered ſtate. What is a *College?* as it relates to you and to your Infirmary? A COLLEGE is a CONSTITUTIONAL BARRIER AGAINST THE INTRUSION OF IGNORANT, UNWORTHY, OR UNPRINCIPLED MEN, INTO A PROFESSION WHICH SHOULD BE EVER SACRED; and this barrier is the ſafeguard of the poor!---

A rich man may ſelect a ſurgeon, honoured and reſpected in his profeſſion; he may have for his friend a man of learning, and conſummate ſkill; but he may, on the other hand, give his faith and confidence, entruſt his health, and the health of his family, to an impoſtor: The higheſt characters in the kingdom ſtick their names, this bleſſed day, much honoured appendages! to the bills of an advertiſing Quack.

The poor man, though deſtitute of all means, and in the moſt calamitous ſituation, thrown unfriended, and unaccompanied into a public hoſpital, runs no ſuch danger; he has not leave, nor will, to ruin his health, by ſuch imprudent choice. No, he goes into an hoſpital, ſubmits himſelf to the caret, perhaps to the operations of the attending ſurgeon; but

he is in the hands of one who, though unknown to him, has regularly ſtudied and practiſed his profeſſion; who has given public proofs of his ſkill; who is a member of a Royal College; a man actually employed in families of diſtinction; reſponſible with all that he holds precious, his character and profeſſional reputation, for the fate of even the pooreſt creature that is put under his care.

Invidious as it may ſeem, it is now become our duty, and a ſacred one, to defend that College to which we owe our education, and the rank we hold in our profeſſion, and we will boldly compare it with other inſtitutions. Does this College perform its conſtitutional office? Is it a fence and ſafeguard, to prevent the intruſion of ignorant, unprincipled men? Is it jealous of improper perſons entering into an honourable profeſſion? or are its rules ſuch as to enſure to the public, to the rich, and to the poor, a ſucceſſion of reſpectable and able ſurgeons?

A young man deſigning to enter into our profeſſion, comes under the protection and guidance of the College, is united with it, and becomes a proviſional member of that body at fifteen years of age. In general, he lives in the houſe of a ſurgeon, and for five years is preſent at his operations; accompanies him in his viſits to perſons of a certain claſs; and of the lower people he takes a more particular charge. While he does drudgeries which are not without their uſe, he attends the univerſity, and has thoſe opportunities of practice, which young men of the beſt fortune, coming from a diſtance, cannot obtain. He often becomes a dreſſer in the hoſpital; officiates as a clerk there; fulfills his apprenticeſhip, and in a great meaſure compleats his ſtudies. If rich,

he goes abroad, but, if better opportunities are denied him, he enters into the army, and returns, after ſome years ſpent not unuſefully, to the actual practice of his profeſſion.

He then ſeeks to eſtabliſh himſelf in his native city; when neither the manner of conducting buſineſs is new to him, nor the rules and practice of that hoſpital of which he is to become a conſtitutional ſurgeon. He gives in his name to the Preſident of the Royal College, is examined three ſeveral times touching his profeſſional knowledge. He is received as a ſurgeon, attends the hoſpital, is preſent for ſeveral years at every conſultation, and every operation, and is aſſiſtant to his own particular friend.

It is thus that the College performs its conſtitutional functions, and the young man who is received into it is admitted to all the rights and privileges of a one fairly and honourably educated. He has been known at the College from his infancy; his birth and parentage, his ſtudies and moral character, his views and expectations in life, are all known. He has grown up to thoſe years in which his abilities and judgement ſhould be matured. He pays the ſum of two hundred pounds, which puts him on a rank with any profeſſion of this city, and proves that he has had opportunities of a reſpectable education. He is not, as in London, the licentiate of a corporation, admitted for fifteen pounds! but is, by a ſolemn act of admiſſion, declared competent to all the duties of his profeſſion; is received as a MEMBER of the ROYAL COLLEGE of SURGEONS, and is compeer with every man who ſits at that board: There is not, in his profeſſion of ſurgery, any higher dignity to which he ſhould aſpire.

Humanity, Gentlemen, is the impoſing plea of this me-

morialiſt; yet you know well, that, ſooner or later, every young man muſt begin the practice of that profeſſion for which he is deſtined. Allow this moſt indecent argument, that the firſt operations of the young ſurgeon are murders! ſuch murders will aſſuredly be ſomewhere performed; and never can the operations of the younger ſurgeons be more ſafely attempted, than under the character of members of the Royal College! in a public and well-regulated ſchool! under the obſervance and criticiſm of their fellow-members, aſſiſted, and ſupported, and controuled, by the preſence of numbers; in an open area too, where all the world is free to pronounce judgment on his merits!---If the deſire of reputation, or the fear of ſhame; the malignancy of enemies, who cannot be excluded from operations, or the praiſe of friends, who will group around him; if fame, fortune, and his own happineſs being at ſtake, will not induce the young ſurgeon to apply to his profeſſion, and become excellent, there is reaſon to deſpair.

Is even the univerſity itſelf! the univerſity, whoſe parchments convey all the titles and honours of medicine, empowering the holder to practiſe all kinds of operations, more faithful to its charge? No! a medical ſchool receives men of all deſcriptions; young and thoughtleſs men: and the profeſſors know not whence they come, nor whither they go. Their names are inſcribed in the Album, but to whom are they known? who adviſes them in their ſtudies? or inquires into their courſe of life? A univerſity does not, after the years of probation, aſſimulate its pupils; but each walks off his ſeveral way, the young man of genius, and the graduated dunce, equally privileged, equally unnoticed.

Is a College of Phyſicians ſo conſtituted, as to give the world aſſurance of well educated men? No: a College of Phyſicians is a corporate body, but no ſchool; it is a ſociety which is forced to receive documents of every kind. In its chancery all bills are good! degrees of very various denominations have an equal value! Every man who is reſolved to practiſe muſt be received: it is true, he muſt hold a degree from ſome univerſity, profeſſing to be a ſchool of medicine; but theſe are often teſtimonials of ſuch a kind, as to require no ſevere apprenticeſhip, nor weary ſervice, nor any waſte of midnight oil! They are purchaſed at ſo ſlight a price, "that all the land is littered with the fry."

Perhaps, Gentlemen, you are now informed, for the firſt time, of the order of our college; and relieved from thoſe conſcientious fears, which the clamours of the high and low vulgar muſt have excited in your minds. You are ſenſible, that no man is permitted to operate in your hoſpital, who has not been carefully bred to ſurgery; who has not been, from his boyiſh years, a member of the college, and continually under your own eye. This is the conſtitution of our profeſſion; the deſign of our charter; the theory of that eſſential connection, which ſubſiſts, and muſt always ſubſiſt, betwixt the Royal College of Surgeons and the Hoſpital of this city: a connection honourable to thoſe two bodies, advantageous to ſcience, and ſo much for the public good that none but a raſh ſpeculator would wiſh to ſee it diſſolved.

Our college ſtands as a barrier betwixt the ſick poor of this city and the intruſion of ignorant men. We have been the pupils of this college; we are now its members and ſworn ſupporters! To it, and to our profeſſion, we owe a common

allegiance. You will not be offended, nor will our fellow-citizens be diſpleaſed, that, being thus called before the public, we go through the degrading duty of ſelf-defence, with a degree of reſentment, and anſwer one, of many pamphlets, with that ſpirit which becomes our time of life.

Gentlemen, we ſtop now, to addreſs you in language unuſual, but reſpectful: in language unthought of by that rude, impetuous memorialiſt, who has burſt in upon our profeſſion, regardleſs of all order, and mainly ignorant of that ſcience, and that ancient ſociety and ſchool of ſurgery, whoſe conſtitution, imperfect as it is, we are ſworn to defend; whoſe narrow limits and authorities it is our duty to enlarge. He feels none of thoſe delicacies, with which we require to be treated: he ſuſpects not that we have rights, which it will be no diſhonour to claim.

You are the guardians of a great and important charity, and it well becomes you to ſtand up in your place, to claim your rights: you cannot but have rights; and we feel, with pleaſure, that you have uſed them with diſcretion and honour. This is an important queſtion, in which you are unhappily engaged: from the ſhape it has now aſſumed, it will be always remembered; and in its conſequences, good or bad, it will be felt for ages. You are publicly called to a ſort of honourable arbitration betwixt contending parties: you will reſiſt all claims incompatible with charity, for that is your duty, your ſacred duty; and you will reſiſt all partial unworthy views, all improper deſigns upon a public property, and the inheritance of a national ſchool! for that your honour is pledged: You have not ſworn it, but you are bound by nobler ties; to thoſe ties, to your juſt ſenti-

ments, we truſt with confidence: your honour is our bond! our only bond!

What our College is, and how we are bound in allegiance and duty, you muſt now feel: it was the ſcene of our early education, and your Infirmary, the place which we frequented, and ſtill frequent as the practical ſchool; ever ſince our minds were turned to our profeſſion, our thoughts have centered here. There are privileges which it is an honour to claim, and a virtue to defend: this is not a queſtion of pure morality; it is the burſting jealouſies of a jealous profeſſion; it is the whirlwind of paſſions and contending intereſts; it is the plea of humanity joined with the crooked policies and wiles of deſigning men. We ſee unceaſing efforts, tale upon tale, pamphlet upon pamphlet, and proofs on proofs! the whole medical world ſtirred up in commotion, to work the work of thoſe who, for the widow's, or the poor man's cauſe! would ne'er have paſſed one ſleepleſs night.

It is the peculiar happineſs of this country to have a public College of Surgery, which has enjoyed its charter for three hundred years. It has that connexion with the hoſpital which the intereſts of the public require: it has a conſtitution which no wiſe man would touch, but with a wary hand. If it have gone into diſorder, (as all human inſtitutions are by lapſe of time ſubject to change,) where ſhall we find a calm, reflecting, diſintereſted mind, to renew its principles? where ſhall we ſeek for analogies to correct its practice? If the analogies be ſought in the great hoſpitals of a manufacturing or commercial city, what do we find there? Individual charities, unconnected with a general ſchool. We

find in ſuch a city, an hoſpital erected by private ſubſcription, the property of wealthy merchants, or manufacturers; perhaps the bequeſt of ſome ſingle perſon! There is no College of Surgeons, nor any ſchool with which ſuch hoſpital ſhould be joined; no young men to be taught their profeſſion; no liberal ſcheme of education to be fulfilled; no purpoſe to ſerve, but the individual good of the poor within its walls. How, in the name of wonder, ſhould hoſpital ſurgeons be procured in ſuch a city? By election only. There is no barrier to prevent the intruſion of ignorant men; there is no evidence of profeſſional ſkill but good conduct; no proof, but election, of a man being fit for the important charge. How ſhould the managers, the proprietors rather *, of ſuch a charity, proceed in their office? Their candidates are not always natives of the city; they have not grown up under their care; they are not connected with the hoſpital; they are not known as members of a college: While ſtudying for their degrees, they have made ſurgery the leaſt part of their care! the very men who, in this ſchool, have neglected ſurgery, go into thoſe cities, to ſolicit promotion, or to practiſe for bread.

This College has ſubſiſted for three hundred years. Your memorialiſt has not condeſcended to inform you, that it is the oldeſt in Europe, and the only College of Surgery in theſe kingdoms. That it, as well as the Univerſity, is a part, a much neglected part, of the public ſchool. He has not thought fit to remind you, that this hoſpital is erected by no private ſubſcription; is no bequeſt of any rich or

* It is often a ſhare in a ſubſcription that gives the privilege of election. How much the privilege is abuſed, what unſeemly ſcenes diſgrace theſe humane elections we need hardly mention.

generous individual; it is ſubject to no petty regulations of proprietors or founders. Ours is a national hoſpital, and as it is united with the College of Surgeons, it is a national ſchool. We look for no precedent to limit the benefits of this inſtitution! Shall we deliver up, as the Memorialiſt requires, this national ſchool, as a property to three individual men? No: it is a cold-blooded treaſon, which we are ſworn to reſiſt: The blow has been ſtruck at the dignity of our profeſſion too openly, to make any deep or dangerous wound.

You are legiſlating for a great hoſpital; for a public ſchool; for a moſt important profeſſion, connected with the legiſlation of the country, and repreſented in the government of this city. The jealouſies of a jealous profeſſion, the petty intereſts of a corporation, the crooked and wily policy of deſigning men, you will regard with contempt; nor will you ever conſent to convert the honours and dignities of a college, and the benefits of a public ſchool, into a private individual property, peculiar to a few. You are legiſlating for a department of the medical profeſſion, always important, and becoming every day more worthy of protection:---you are legiſlating for a department of our profeſſion, which exiſts only within your walls, ſince within thoſe walls are received, perſons whoſe ſituation in life expoſes them to various accidents and diſeaſes, which call for ſurgical aſſiſtance, and are unknown to thoſe of a higher rank. Surgery is to be ſeen and practiſed only in hoſpitals; and the conſtitution for an hoſpital ſhould be that of a noble and liberal ſchool. We diſclaim for ourſelves every partial or ſelfiſh wiſh: but ſhould any member of our ſociety think to ſubſtitute his own individual importance to

the dignity of the college, or take upon himſelf and his friends the adminiſtration and duties of ſuch a ſchool, we ſhould boldly proclaim him a traitor to the ſchool, and to the college! He ſteals the precious diadem from the ſhelf, to put it in his pocket.---

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We have explained certain principles, which no one will be ſo adventurous as to deny, that there is an intereſt higher than that of the managers, the college, or even the ſick poor: in the GENERAL IMPROVEMENT of SCIENCE, the ſick poor, the managers, and the whole country, and generations yet unborn, have an intereſt. For the improvement of ſcience, it is important that every hoſpital be a public ſchool: for the ſecurity of the ſick poor, it is eſſential that there be ſome conſtitutional barrier againſt the intruſion of ignorant men: and for the common ſecurity of the ſick poor, and the promotion of ſcience, it is right that two inſtitutions, the moſt important in our profeſſion, the Infirmary and the College of Surgeons, be conſtitutionally joined.

If, in all this voluminous memorial, there be one other conſtitutional queſtion, it is this, "What is the difference betwixt hoſpital practice and private practice? Why, ſince in a college there muſt be a variety of talents; ſince among the *bad* there muſt be ſome *good*, ſince among theſe good there muſt be a few excellent,---why not elect the moſt approved good ſurgeons to officiate in the practical ſchool? Why ſhould not the managers of an hoſpital chooſe ſurgeons for their general family, the poor of the city, as a private

gentleman ſelects the perſon to whom he will intruſt the lives of his wife, and children, and ſervants?

There are certain individual diſtinctions, even in a liberal and learned profeſſion, which, independently of learning or real profeſſional ſkill, beſpeak confidence, and attach man to man: were it not ſo, one man of overbearing abilities might annihilate his profeſſion. Yet theſe are qualities, which the conſtitution of a profeſſion cannot recognize! In the army, for example, there are officers diſtinguiſhed as ſincere, benevolent, brave, and generous; pleaſant companions, and faithful friends: one is remarkable for courage; another is an excellent engineer; another draws like an artiſt, and is thoroughly acquainted with the topography of every country in Europe. Yet each of thoſe, whether ſubaltern or captain, is known only by his rank, is promoted by ſeniority according to the conſtitution of his calling, and is reſponſible merely for the duties of his appointed ſtation. It appears then, that there are even profeſſional excellencies which the conſtitution of a profeſſion does not recognize.

In the ſea ſervice, a midſhipman and a lieutenant undergo various trials of profeſſional learning, in mathematics, navigation, and tactics. They are obliged to give proofs alſo of practical knowledge. A young midſhipman is queſtioned how he would work a ſhip into a particular harbour? what ſail he would ſet to double a particular reef of rocks or head-land? how he would navigate his veſſel through the Categat, from a port in the Baltic to the Humber? Upon theſe trials he may be rejected, but being received as a lieutenant, he is held competent to all the duties of his ſta-

tion, and is reſponſible for them with his life! for the care of the watch, for the look-out, for the ſafety of the ſhip, and the lives of a thouſand men, which are from night to night committed to his care.

The eſſential duties of a profeſſion are thoſe only, which the public rules and inſtitutes of that profeſſion can recognize; and a ſurgeon, like an officer, ſhould be received in a public character, and to a public charge in common with his fellow ſurgeons. He ſhould be received early, if he have ſtudied well; late, if he have ſtudied ill: he ſhould be rejected, if he have quite neglected his ſtudies: He ſhould be received on the grounds of public teſtimonials, according to the conſtitution of his calling; not by partial elections, where the greateſt ſhare of patronage often lights on the leaſt deſerving.

To the ſimple profeſſional character thus aſcertained, is often added that factitious character which is uſually acquired at the expence of real profeſſional ſkill; of this ſad truth the world is now well convinced; and the memorial which we are now reviewing is a laſting proof, that ſplendid or ſpecious talents do not imply the ſoundeſt judgement. It is the factitious character that opens the way to public employment and profeſſional honours: In what does it conſiſt? in ſuavity of manners, a ſpecious carriage, an agreeable perſon, a pleaſing addreſs, a facetious converſation, a thorough knowledge of the politics and courtlineſs of high life. A ſplendid eſtabliſhment, a gaudy carriage, family connections, and the ſolicitation of friends, are chief diſtinctions in our profeſſion. And will the Memorialiſt, a philoſopher, and a liberal one, ſpeak of theſe as ſpecific quali-

ties, which aſcertain a man's profeſſional ſkill? We hope, for the credit of bare unſophiſticated nature, that the honeſt and feeling heart, the thinking head, and the ſteady hand! the open liberal hand, which drops its alms while it is aſſuaging pain! is not more frequent in the gilded chariot, than in the humble walks of life; where men drag along the burden of their duties, and crawl even on their lower extremities in the priſtine manner.

The Memorialiſt looks down with unwiſe contempt on our lower order, without reflecting, that thoſe duties are often the moſt honourable which are lowly and humble. When the prieſts of Gaudma, in the kingdom of Ava, are initiated into their holy duties, they are thus inſtructed by the high prieſt: "Thou ſhalt turn to uſe ſuch things as men caſt away; and thou ſhalt ſearch for healing qualities in ſimples, in which no virtue is ſuppoſed to exiſt; ſweet and ſour, milk and honey, ſugar and ſyrups." "But the firſt and principal duty in our holy function, conſiſts in procuring maintenance by perambulation; by laborious, inceſſant motion of the muſcles of the legs. You muſt ſeek ſuſtenance by continual motion *."

The ſlow progreſs of a virtuous man is among the ſad diſguſting pictures which the Roman ſatyriſt gives of the follies, vices, and miſeries of the luxurious city, and our Memorialiſt has been ſo unwiſe as to repeat the lines, "Non facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obſtat res anguſta domi." It is of us he ſpeaks: we thank him for the compliment, and ſhall ſtrive to do away the reproach.

To what qualities of the head, or hand, or heart, does

* Syme's Account of the Embaſſy to the Kingdom of Ava.

this philoſophical Memorialiſt adjudge the prize? Is it to liberal accompliſhments, deep profeſſional ſtudies, ſplendid abilities, or even the report of happy operations? By no means. It is his "indiſputable general principle," That great employment is the mark of public eſteem! that public eſteem is the teſt of merit! that an accumulation of all the gains of a profeſſion, is ſynonymous with the acquiſition of all the learning of the ſcience! and to finiſh the climax of public virtue with the words of the preacher, "that riches is wiſdom!"

"It is *probable*, (ſays Dr Gregory,) that thoſe are beſt qualified for ſuch a truſt who, after a complete and regular education in their profeſſion, have had the advantage of many years experience, both in private practice and in this infirmary, *and who actually have at this time great employment, and public eſteem and confidence.*"

"*Of courſe*, I earneſtly wiſh that *two or three ſuch men* were appointed ordinary ſurgeons to the hoſpital. Perhaps they *will not thank me for this ſuggeſtion*, which may ſeem to reduce them to the unpleaſant dilemma! of either declining to do what is right! and what is expected of them! or elſe doing what *is very diſagreeable and inconvenient to themſelves.* I certainly have no wiſh to *give offence* to any of them, and I am ſenſible that I touch a very *delicate* point *."

"It is not, however, *ſo embarraſſing* as, at firſt ſight, it may

* The direct logical oppoſition of what is right, and what is expected of theſe gentlemen, with what they are willing to do, is a ſingular compliment. We wiſh this gentleman had been as delicate of giving offence to the younger ſurgeons, as to thoſe who actually have at this time great employment, and public eſteem and confidence!

appear. Any ſuch ſurgeons who give their ſervices in the hoſpital on a new ſyſtem, will have, and, what is better, will deſerve, great credit with the public for doing ſo; more eſpecially as it muſt *be plain* to *every body* that they can have no motive but honeſt zeal for the public good, when they undertake ſuch *a laborious duty*. Any ſalary that the Infirmary may be ſuppoſed to give to its ſurgeons could be *no object to ſuch men;* it could not even be an adequate compenſation for the time which they muſt employ in the hoſpital."

We are very thankful, that while we cool, (for it is on this occaſion the memorialiſt tells us "we ſhall have time to cool,") our places will be occupied by honourable men: and we are happy to reflect that he has in his eye great men, to whom rewards, at leaſt pecuniary rewards, are no object: we are pleaſed with the ingenious delicacy with which he deſignates and marks out particular ſurgeons ſo preciſely, as to require apologies on his part: we are charmed with the manner in which he apologiſes for "his offence," "his indelicate offence," yet ſtill avoids the odious circumſtance of names: and we are no leſs charmed with the gallantry with which he leads his three "embaraſſed" favourites onwards to their bluſhing honours; the oldeſt, the richeſt, the beſt employed ſurgeons, and yet loath to become the penſioned operators of this hoſpital, and grieved to think of aſſuming the invidious diſtinction of "being the firſt ſurgeons of the hoſpital and the city *."

* There never was a piece of hypocriſy equal to this—firſt, we declare that we believe there is no young man who would not be gratified with any ſalary which men, ſo liberal as the managers of the Infirmary, could think of offering to a reſpectable profeſſion. Let us next enquire whether ſuch ſalary would be an object to an old and eſtabliſhed ſurgeon: allow us to illuſ-

From this expreſſion, of becoming the firſt ſurgeons of the hoſpital, and of this city, we perceive that the Memorialiſt is maſter of every nook and angle of this perplexed demonſtration; and though a mere philoſopher in the abſtract, "indiſpenſible, general principle," and a mere enthuſiaſt in what belongs to charity and the ſick poor! "is yet able, when the wind's in the eaſt, look you, to know a hawk from a hand-ſaw,---but the ſaying's muſty."

Thus, Gentlemen, we have thought good to intimate to you, in that figurative language which the Memorialiſt himſelf delights in, that when a profeſſional queſtion, including ſuch important objects, is diſcuſſed, there will ariſe a whirlwind of paſſions and intereſts, in which even you will be involved. We have that reſpect for you and your high office, that while we expreſs our attachment and duty to you, we warn you of this truth.

You have before you, the conſtitutional principles by which the ſick poor are guarded from the intruſion of ignorant, uneducated ſurgeons, into a public hoſpital. You are competent to judge, whether the factitious character, which without having any relation to profeſſional ſkill, directs, or miſguides rather, the choice of private individuals, ſhould be the rule of your conduct! Whether you, the guardians of a

trate this by a pure hypotheſis, not by a fact. Suppoſe his Grace the DUKE of BUCCLEUGH wiſhed to have a ſurgeon of fifty years of age, well employed, &c. &c. to attend his houſhold; or ſuppoſe a ſurgeon, fifty years of age, or upwards, wiſhed to attend his Grace the DUKE of BUCCLEUGH's houſhold! would he, if it were not too delicate a ſubject to mention, write down in his letter to his Grace any ſum exceeding 50l. a year? If the Memorialiſt be acquainted with any gentleman who can anſwer this queſtion, either directly or hypothetically, we ſhall probably find, in the next quarto memorial, ſome calculation about the proper ſalary for the hoſpital ſurgeons.

public and national inſtitute, ſhould be guided in your choice of ſurgeons by partial affections, or by the public laws, ſuch as cuſtom, and the conſtitution of our profeſſion, have appointed for the mutual connections of the hoſpital, and the public ſchool? Whether you will make your council-room the ſcene of contentions, cabals, and ſolicitation; and degrade yourſelves from your preſent high and dignified office, of conducting, upon ſimple principles, a noble inſtitution, to become the arbiters of profeſſional feuds, and party quarrels? We look towards you with reſpect, with attachment, with expectation. A ſcene of contention is opened, which every good man muſt think of, with ſorrow for the paſt, and apprehenſion for the future! That period will ſurely come, in which all parties will deſire ſincerely the interpoſition of honourable and independent men as umpires in this cauſe.

We have on this point one word more to ſay: your Memorialiſt has diſcovered, among the reliquiæ of the iron cheſt, a memorial in which the expreſſion which he takes a pleaſure in ridiculing, has no ſmall relation to their preſent ſtate of warfare; the expreſſion is this, "But if an excluſive company of ſix*, have this privilege, it will have the moſt pernicious conſequences upon the whole nation!" The expreſſion is compleatly ludicrous: theſe little angry quarrellers about privileges imagine their charter a Magna Charta, or Bill of Rights, affecting not their own little intereſts, but *the whole nation!* Nevertheleſs, what they ſay repreſents truly their apprehenſion of ruinous conſequences to their profeſſion and to themſelves; and we, their ſucceſſors, are inoculated with the old leaven; we taſte of the ſtock! we

* The Memorialiſt wiſhes to have an excluſive company of three only.

have apprehenſions, not for the whole kingdom indeed, but for our profeſſion: we are perſuaded that his excluſive company of three, like the old monopoly of ſix, will have no happy effects, either on ſcience or on charity; and we have, moreover, reaſon to believe, that in the event of the election of three ſurgeons, old, well employed, &c. &c. &c. your council-room would be more nearly allied than your Memorialiſt is aware, to one of his own happy and moſt brilliant ſimiles. "There we ſhould ſee the contention of the ins and outs, and loaves and fiſhes, and ſhould hear exploſions as loud, as uſeleſs, and as pernicious, as thoſe of the fire damps in Newcaſtle coal-pits.

OF THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THE CONNECTION BETWIXT THE ROYAL INFIRMARY AND THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

We have endeavoured to explain the general principles of policy, which connect hoſpitals with colleges, as conſtituent parts of a medical ſchool. This conſtitution of our profeſſion has been matured by time, and provides equally for the right education of ſurgeons, and the ſafety of the poor. The barrier which is thus ſet up againſt uneducated and worthleſs men, is for the poor as well as for the rich; and either the poor have no reaſon to complain, or the rich are to be pitied, in being expoſed to ignorant men, and made liberally to reward thoſe, who are not fit to practiſe, even where their advice is charity. In the order appointed by the conſtitution of our profeſſion, there is ſenſe, huma-

nity, and reaſon: in all well-policed countries, the arrangements are the ſame: and as a country improves in civilization, and men think more liberally for the general welfare, theſe opportunities of teaching and practice, in hoſpitals, are enlarged.

We know no ſingle fact that ſhould, for a moment, ſuſpend our natural reſolution of aſſuming thoſe as the principles on which your hoſpital and our college are joined. When ſuch a connection grows up ſlowly to maturity, we have reaſon to believe that the connection reſults from natural policy, mutual advantage, and a common ſenſe of the benefits derived to all parties. And when we enquire into the hiſtory of this connection, we find it not involved in traditions and vague reports, but fairly detailed, in a contract laid upon your table by the Memorialiſt, where the principles of the connection are recorded. This connection had an honourable commencement, and, far from affording grounds for a general libel, it contains no terms, but what are creditable to the managers, to the ſurgeons, to the hoſpital, and to that ſcience, in behalf of which all parties in this diſpute are duly intereſted, except one.

It is no wonder, that in the infancy of our medical ſchool, the good of the infirmary, and the conſtitutional importance of the College of Surgeons, and the intereſts of ſcience, and the natural connections of thoſe inſtitutions, were ill underſtood. This is indeed the cauſe of the intereſts of the college and of the infirmary being mentioned, in this memorial, as oppoſite to each other, and of a contract being neceſſary to bind thoſe intereſts which were naturally joined.

By this contract, the College of Surgeons ſacrificed to

the Royal Infirmary, an hoſpital, which they had begun to inſtitute, and which they regarded as the beſt means of educating their apprentices: and let it be remembered, that in thoſe days apprentices were the only ſtudents in Edinburgh, the ſurgeons of the Royal College the ſole teachers; and that the ſchool of medicine, which is now the chief ornament of our city, did not exiſt. The ſurgeons had conſolidated the college into the form of a practical ſchool; they had accumulated funds, more than equal to the erecting of their hoſpital; they had concentrated a patronage, which they could always command, and which was ſufficient to ſupport it. They were ready to enter upon a courſe of public practice, and that would have been followed with a courſe of public teaching.

We are loth to remind you, how much was given up at this time; but it was for a noble purpoſe. It was to ſupport the general hoſpital of the country, that the Royal College gave up its funds, its patronage, its patients, the aſſiſtance of its members, and its rights as a college, over the only ſurgical charity, conſenting to forego all the happy opportunities and proſpects connected with a diſtinct and peculiar ſchool of ſurgery. It is with the moſt liberal thoughts and wiſhes, that we now proceed to conſider the value of theſe bequeſts: we are challenged to the proof!

First, A ſum of money was paid to the managers. It ſounds meanly, indeed, compared with the "thouſands which the Memorialiſt offers ſo freely to the College of Surgeons, for the promotion of their ſcheme of univerſal rotherly love;" but in thoſe days 500 pounds was more valuable than now. This money, given with the beſt intentions, is counted like the thirty pieces of ſilver; it is repreſented as the price of blood,

and the Memorialiſt laments, in pathetic terms, that the liberal hand of Drummond, our great founder, ſhould have been foiled with the bribe; he alſo is accuſed of having an itching palm. We revere the name of Drummond, but far from imputing this to him as a crime, we believe that he would not, even for a charitable cauſe, have accepted a bribe. He reflected, we believe, not on the value of this piece of money, but on the advantage to his darling inſtitution, of uniting, with that influence which the managers naturally poſſeſſed, the intereſts and good offices of the Royal College. Well, money was required; we gave five hundred pounds, and at the time that ſum was not deſpiſed by liberal men.

Secondly, What the ſurgeons thus directly contributed, was the leaſt part of what they gave. The ſurgeons of Edinburgh conſtitute no inconſiderable part of ſociety. They have been always regarded by their fellow-citizens, and have a degree of influence on the public mind. They are received, as their education entitles them, into every family; they have the confidence and affections of their patients; they are received on the equal footing of companions, and friends; they command the ſources of public charity at the fountain head, and have continued to pour the full tide thro' this channel for 50 years. We think we may aſſume it as a truth, that as they helped to raiſe, they have, in a remarkable manner, contributed to ſupport this inſtitution: and were theſe deeds to draw again, the managers of the infirmary could not act more honeſtly and wiſely, than thus to ſtrike deep their roots, and ſpread leaders through the various parts of ſociety, by means of a profeſſion naturally at-

tached to their inſtitution, and naturally zealous in behalf of charity.

Thirdly, What next did the managers of this Infirmary gain by the SURGEONS HOSPITAL being thus placed in one of their wards? They gained a connection with the Royal College of Surgeons; they won the unlimited approbation of the public, and the whole patronage of the city. The Royal College of Surgeons ſupporting this inſtitution, expreſſed the ſenſe of the profeſſion, and commanded the confidence individually of all their fellow-citizens. The ſurgeons, by performing all their operations in your theatre, added ſplendour to the inſtitution: it may be eaſily imagined, at a period when operations were rare, and public operations quite unknown, how much this circumſtance muſt have attracted general obſervation; for though medical ſurgery, and the treatment of diſeaſe, are really more important, yet operations in which there is a neceſſary inhumanity, and immediate danger! where the ſuffering is great, and the iſſue uncertain! where the public hears of the life, or death of every patient! excite a lively intereſt in the public mind.

Had this ſplendid part of our profeſſion, the deſperate operations, the wonderful cures, (obvious, and ſtriking to the ſenſes, of the moſt ordinary perſon,) been performed in another hoſpital; it is much to be doubted, whether the Royal Infirmary would ever have grown up to be, as it is this day, an honour to our country.

Every thing which quickens the growth of an infant inſtitution, ſhould be honourably acknowledged.---Let it be remembered, then, that at this time there was no public ſchool;

that when the hoſpital had gained this connection with the Royal College, in place of one or two permanent ſurgeons, going their ſluggiſh rounds, with their apprentices attending them, there was a rotation of ſurgeons, many of them performing their operations with dexterity, exceeding that of any two or three individuals the managers could have appointed; there were groups of young men walking the wards, paying fees to the hoſpital, and by their reports concerning the operations, a department of the profeſſion new to the public, giving a marked and peculiar character to the charity.

Here then was a powerful intereſt and expectation created by the new appearance of an actual ſchool of practice; here were all the ſurgeons, and all their pupils, each ſurgeon trying to diſtinguiſh himſelf by the various ways in which he acquitted himſelf in difficult caſes; and by the neatneſs and dexterity of his operations: while the public was encouraged with reports, from all quarters, of the thriving and happy ſtate of the inſtitution.

Fourthly, But the nobleſt inſtitution would excite little intereſt, were its wards filled with mere ſores and fevers, and not with thoſe intereſting caſes of diſeaſe, which come from diſtant parts, and are recommended to the care of particular ſurgeons in town. This alſo is a duty which the College have always fulfilled: but to be ſenſible of the liberal ſpirit in which this duty has been performed, to be ſenſible alſo, that a ſurgeon operating in the Infirmary is plainly performing his own private operations in public for the public good, we muſt trace the hiſtory of ſome individual caſe.

When a poor man arrives from the highlands with a dangerous tumor, or a boy with a white ſwelling of the knee, or

a woman with a cancerous breaſt; ſuch patient comes recommended to the care of a ſurgeon in this city, and the family or the country ſurgeon who write letters in favour of the patient, expect that ſurgeon to take the caſe under his particular care. The ſurgeon declines performing the operation himſelf, and is ſenſible of no breach of faith in conveying that patient to the Royal Infirmary; for there he is himſelf one of the regular ſurgeons; he goes along with his patient, hears the opinions of his fellow-ſurgeons, takes his ſhare in the conſultation, and in that infirmary (though not the actual operator for that month) he operates in his turn. There, in the public area, in preſence of the ſtudents, for the general benefit of ſociety, the operation, if neceſſary, is performed by the ſurgeon with all conveniences, accommodation, advice, and aſſiſtance, and not the worſe performed for being done in public, under the direction and criticiſm of his fellow-ſurgeons; not privately, where faults may be concealed, but openly, and at the riſk of his reputation.

Surgical diſeaſes, tumors, luxations, and other accidents, are thus uſually commended to the care of ſome individual ſurgeon: of the important caſes in ſurgery arriving from diſtant parts, there is not one of ten that is not admitted upon the direct recommendation and teſtimony of ſome ſurgeon of this city. Very commonly the ſurgeon appoints a day for the poor man going to the waiting room of the Infirmary, attends him at the appointed hour, carries him into the conſulting room, and there perſonally recommends him to the care of the attending ſurgeon, explains the caſe, gives his own opinion, and continues to take an intereſt in the patient's fate.

Much has the Memorialiſt declaimed about the young ſurgeons requiring the forfeit of this bond! But is it not their duty to ſeek improvement in their profeſſion? to ſeek occaſions of attending the poor? Not all the eloquence, nor all the threats of the Memorialiſt, will prevent the young ſurgeon from taking theſe firſt and modeſt ſteps in his profeſſional career: it is as much his duty to claim the privilege of officiating in the hoſpital, as it is of every man to ſtand candidate in a public election! It is as much the privilege of the managers of this hoſpital to appoint the youngeſt ſurgeons to attend there, as it is the privilege of a Lord Chief Juſtice to appoint the youngeſt lawyer to plead for the pannel in a caſe of life and death.

From theſe facts, the following concluſions may, we truſt, be deduced in perfect conſiſtency with "the principles of good, ſound, logical reaſoning." That almoſt every patient, admitted into your hoſpital with a dangerous ſurgical diſeaſe, is the private patient of ſome individual ſurgeon of this city; and it would be his duty to operate on that patient in private, were there not a public hoſpital, prepared for the reception of ſuch a patient, of which he were himſelf a conſtituent member.

That it would be wrong in any ſurgeon to operate in private, when he has the privilege of operating in a great hoſpital, with all the conveniencies of a public charity, and the advice and aſſiſtance of his fellow-ſurgeons; it would be ungenerous to withhold public inſtruction, while it were in his power to operate in the public area of the hoſpital, though at the riſk of his own character.

The cuſtom of each member of the Royal College of Sur-

geon's carrying his own particular patient to the Royal Infirmary, and operating there, would occaſion a very indecent and improper confuſion; but while the preſent cuſtom prevails of each ſurgeon taking the charge for two months! each performs an equal number of operations! he actually takes a part in the conſultation, and virtually operates upon his own patient.

The eſtabliſhed and inviolable privilege which every ſurgeon claims of thus virtually operating on his own patients in the Royal Infirmary, is of the utmoſt importance to the cauſe of humanity and charity, and is eſpecially conducive to the ſafety of the poor of this city. We leave you, Gentlemen, to judge how dangerous it would be, were every young ſurgeon induced, by any harſh meaſure of yours, to operate in private! How many raſh, precipitate operations, might be performed, which, under the correction and controul of public conſultations in your hoſpital, are delayed, prevented, or better directed.

No regulation of yours, and far leſs any arguments which the Memorialiſt can uſe, will prevent young men from taking an intereſt in their profeſſion, or hinder them from judging it right, when received as members of a Royal College, and entruſted with patients from a diſtance, to operate on them.

This is not, like London, a great commercial city, where man, more ſolitary than in a deſart, falls into miſery the moment he falls into diſeaſe; and ſtarves, and ſickens, and dies unknown. There, thouſands, helpleſs, unprotected, without a ſoul to direct them, throw themſelves into hoſpitals for relief: thoſe abodes of miſery are filled with men of ſubſtance and property ſuddenly deprived of ſupport, with cri-

minals, with ſtrangers, with denizens of the city, with abandoned men, who come from the dark alleys, and unknown lurking holes of that overgrown capital! The poiſoned, the diſeaſed, the drowned, the murdered, and the murderers! But in this country, our patients are at home; not a ſhivering creature is laid down in your houſe, but he has ſome perſon to look after his little neceſſities, and recommend him to ſome one of the ſurgeons. Let your clerks inſpect the files, and tell you who they are that recommend the ſurgical patients to your charity.

Each ſurgeon in Edinburgh, conſenting, in place of operating on his own individual patients, to operate two months in his turn, is no pactum illicitum. That the ſurgeons of this city ſhould ſay to the managers of the Royal Infirmary, "We will continue to operate on the patients recommended to our particular care," is not claiming the ferocious privilege, which the Memorialiſt has thought fit to compare with the claims of the unrelenting Jew. The privilege of each individual ſurgeon, require no proof of hiſtorical deductions, aſcertained by a moth-worn parchment; it reſults from no inhuman claim, founded moſt inhumanely upon a charitable donation of money which indeed was not his to give: it reſults from his own unceaſing exertions to ſupport your infirmary, and is leſs a privilege than a duty towards thoſe patients, who are particularly given to his own private charge.

Theſe are the patients, this is the line of practice, which the Memorialiſt thinks to aſſign over to one or two ſurgeons, elected at his ſuggeſtion, or rather by his congée d'eleer: for he has directed your choice, named the man, made his apologies, and left you to "think as he could wiſh, and act

as he could require." Alas! it is manifeſt, that, with all his philoſophy, he knows little of the human mind, who thinks it poſſible to prevent young men from taking an intereſt in their profeſſion, from eſteeming themſelves capable of performing the ordinary operations, or from operating on thoſe patients who are particularly commended to their care, by letters, entreaties, and the attachment of the good people themſelves. Does this Memorialiſt believe, that we will ſuffer our patients to lie in an hoſpital, where we have no influence nor intereſt; where we meet with nothing but inſults; where we are told "we ſhall have time to cool;" where the operations we ſhould perform, are to be done, not by our fellows and compeers, but by the three firſt ſurgeons of the city; ſuperior to us, not in profeſſional acquirements, but in that accumulation of the gains and emoluments of our profeſſion, which is ſo often obtained by means which good men deſpiſe?

Gentlemen, we will tell you one diſtreſſing truth: If a ſurgeon cannot perform his duty to the hoſpital, and his public operations, without being aſſailed by the rude and boiſterous criticiſm of one confeſſedly ignorant of ſurgery, a ſtranger to operations, and virtually the enemy of every cauſe he has the cruelty to eſpouſe; it will be no wonder if young men ſhrink back from their public duties, and retire, to perform their operations in that privacy, where they are aſſiſted by none but friends, and judged by thoſe only who are real judges of what is commendable.

An independent ſurgical hoſpital muſt always be a proſperous popular inſtitution; and to prove to you how much our predeceſſors have yielded, we muſt endeavour to ſhow

you, to what a ſtate our own peculiar hoſpital would have arrived, even in a few years! What might not ſuch an inſtitution have done, in the courſe of half a century, for the honour of ſurgery? A ſurgical hoſpital, being once erected and eſtabliſhed, is the place to which workmen, and all the lower ranks of people, muſt be carried in every emergency. They are conveyed there in a mangled, and apparently dying condition; and are ſeen, in a little while, walking out, reſtored to health and ſtrength. The operations of a ſurgical hoſpital awaken the ſympathy of all ranks of people, and ſurgical cures are demonſtrations of ſuperior ſkill, which even the vulgar are willing to confeſs. More important cures may be performed in a medical hoſpital, and more genius may be required there; yet a ſurgical infirmary fixes the attention of all ranks; its cures make a more lively impreſſion; the great and the little vulgar ſee and feel the direct and obvious benefits of ſuch an inſtitution: we may preſume, then, that had a ſurgical hoſpital been erected by the Royal College of Surgeons, it would have ſtood unrivalled.

"Again, ſays the Memorialiſt, this ſurgical hoſpital is put "in direct oppoſition with our inſtitution!" No, Gentlemen, we will repreſent, truly and impartially, the humane and very happy conſequences reſulting, not from an oppoſite, but a ſeparate hoſpital! which, were your funds equal to the undertaking, we ſhould think it our duty this day to adviſe. There are innumerable diſtreſſes reſulting from the preſent combination of the medical and ſurgical inſtitutes, and one eſpecially which never can be done away. Our ſurgical hoſpital is in the higheſt, and not the moſt lofty, nor pleaſant apartments of

the hoſpital. Every man, whoſe limbs are fractured and lacerated, muſt be carried up many flights of ſtairs: our operations are performed where patients, expecting the time of their own operations, are ſtupified with the cries of thoſe who are ſuffering operations. Our ſurgical wards, ſometimes neglected by ſtudents, are often crowded with the idle and curious, with thoſe who are indifferent to ſurgery; and they flow in upon us, chiefly when the caſes are intereſting, and patients ill able to bear the din, not of the regular ſtudents of ſurgery, but of a whole univerſity of ſtudents. Surgery is not regarded as a particular ſtudy, but a piece of idle curioſity, and ſtudents come to ſee, rather than to be informed: the ſtudies of ſurgery and medicine are not duly divided. Worſe than all, our patients are expoſed to infections from the medical wards, and eſpecially to a diſeaſe, the hoſpital ſore, which ſeizes all thoſe who have even the ſmalleſt inciſions practiſed upon them: It infects all the ulcers, changes the ſlighteſt ſores into gangrenes; and this diſeaſe, which is frequent, in exact proportion to the ſize of an hoſpital, is ſo peculiar, that it is named Hospital Gangrene. It is like a plague, it rages twice a year in ſuch a degree, that the nurſes even are infected; the ſlighteſt ſcratch in their fingers turns out a moſt formidable ſore, and at certain ſeaſons no operations can be ſafely performed.

Had the ſurgeons completed their plan of a diſtinct inſtitution, we ſhould have ſeen a far different order of things: the building of a ſmall hoſpital would have been eaſily accompliſhed, and for ſo limited an inſtitution, its reſources would have been great: the wards large and well aired; the patients comparatively few; their diet nouriſhing and gene-

rous; the houſe healthy, and free from infectious diſeaſe. This hoſpital being the theatre of all the great operations in the city, would have been reputed a ſurgical ſchool inferior to none: The ſurgeons, ſenſible of the number of pupils gathering round them, would have begun to inſtruct them in the operations of ſurgery, and in thoſe parts of anatomy which relate to operations: and not in ſurgery and anatomy only, but in the diſeaſes which require operations, and in the infections, gangrenes, and fevers, which thoſe who have ſuffered operations are expoſed to.

Thus ſurgery would have been diſtinguiſhed from medicine, and the ſtudents would have felt the equal importance of both. Students, whatever their future deſtination, would have ſpent at leaſt one year in this important ſtudy: many, who now leave the Univerſity quite ignorant of this profeſſion, would, by ſeeing the ſplendid ſtate of the ſurgical hoſpital, be induced to attend its operations and its teachers. Such a ſchool being attached to the Royal College of Surgeons, the profeſſion itſelf would have aſſumed a more important aſpect! ſurgical operations and practice would have been improved! The members of this college would have applied with particular ardour, both to their own profeſſion and to general ſcience. We think we may, with all poſſible modeſty, put theſe down as the important conſequences of ſuch an inſtitution; and have little reaſon to doubt, that the ſurgeons would have become enthuſiaſts in their profeſſion, and ſurely they would have been faithful guardians of their own hoſpital.

But this object is loſt, and we will not torture you with expreſſions of regret. Yet ſhould Providence ſo order it,

that this country, increaſing in population, riches, and all good and charitable diſpoſitions, ſhould require a more extenſive charity, we beſeech you, when that period arrives, as moſt likely it will arrive, to revolve theſe conſiderations in your mind.

If the intereſts of the Infirmary and the College run in true parallel with each other, a diviſion would be fatal to both! and, indeed, we are ſenſible, that your Hoſpital never has been in greater danger than at this moment; for, ſhould the Royal Infirmary loſe its connection with the College of Surgeons, it would loſe its ſurgical patients, it would loſe its numerous ſurgeons and their pupils, it would loſe the ſplendour of operations, and all that part of the profeſſion which makes the moſt ſenſible impreſſion on the public mind: The well-frequented Hoſpital would degenerate into a melancholy, ſilent place, more like a workhouſe than a Medical School: a lean and ſtarved apothecary would ſit like an apparition in his corner, while a ſolitary phyſician walked his daily rounds; the graſs might grow in your courts, and the centry's ſteps reſound as he paced backwards and forwards.

Nor is it to be denied, Gentlemen, that the conſequences would be equally fatal to our profeſſion, were it in your power to give away the fair inheritance and natural privileges of a College to one man, or to a few; to one family, or, as the old Memorial ſays, to an excluſive company of ſurgeons. You would then indeed deſtroy, as Dr Gregory argues triumphantly, the equality among the ſurgeons of this city, not by rewarding the excellence of one or two men, but by forcing many, perhaps more able men, to for-

ſake their profeſſion in deſpair! or, far worſe, to ſeek promotion in it by cabal, ſolicitation, and the cultivation of petty intereſts, in place of making honeſt and independent endeavours at excellence.

The principles which we have laid down, explain the relations of the Royal College of Surgeons to the ſurrounding political bodies. The college, as the natural head of the profeſſion, is a barrier againſt the intruſion of unworthy or uneducated men: As connected with your hoſpital, it is a practical ſchool, which is to educate a ſucceſſion of ſurgeons, to ſupport and perpetuate the profeſſion: As connected with the conſtitution and general policy of the ſtate, it is repreſented in the town council, and is a conſtituent member of government. Separate the college from the infirmary, and it is no longer a practical ſchool; take away its privileges as a ſchool, and you take away the motives and reaſons on account of which it is connected with the general policy of the country: leave nothing but its connections with the town council, and you leave nothing which ſhould make our ſociety worthy of the reſpectable name of a College: having loſt its connection with ſcience, we believe it would look there in vain for any means of preſerving its dignity.

Little as it may alarm the Memorialiſt to think that he is endangering the honour of a profeſſion by his public Memorial, you, we are well aſſured, will pauſe upon the eve of taking away its moſt important rights. We have argued fully and we hope fairly, on the ſubject; and believe we may reply to this Gentleman, without any ſhame, in the words of his favourite Jew; "You call me miſbeliever, cut-throat-dog,

and ſpit upon my Jewiſh gaberdine, and all for uſe of that which is my own."

OF THE ESSENTIAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL CONNECTON OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH WITH THE ROYAL INFIRMARY.

You may eaſily imagine, Gentlemen, how invaluable a benefit it is to our profeſſion, to have a practical ſchool, ſince the univerſity itſelf was imperfect, until it had attained a connection with this hoſpital. It is neceſſary that young phyſicians be made familiar with the ſymptoms of fever, the appearances of eruptions, the varieties of the pulſe, the affections of reſpiration, the changes of the eye, complexion, and countenance, and all the viſible characters of inward diſeaſe: and it becomes the duty of the medical profeſſor to teach practically, not only the genuine practice, but the various theories of medicine. For the performing of theſe duties, Clinical Wards are appointed: this is the department of your hoſpital which we now proceed to explain; and we hope, that no expreſſion of ours will be interpreted as diſreſpectful to that department of teaching and practice which we conſider as peculiarly honourable to thoſe who fulfil the duty, as the moſt uſeful part of that courſe of education, which has made this ſchool of medicine eſteemed above any in Europe.

The period was moſt honourable to the patrons and managers of this charity, and ever to be remembered, when, indifferent to vulgar prejudice, and undiſmayed by popular

clamour, they permitted this very important department of public teaching to be aſſimilated with their hoſpital. The univerſity had no proper hoſpital, no accumulated funds, no patronage to beſtow; they had every thing to aſk of your liberality, and nothing to give in return, but that benefit which would accrue to humanity and ſcience, from this new mode of inſtruction. Regardleſs of every thing, but the general intereſts of ſcience, you received within your walls a department which could bring along with it nothing but public odium; with moſt commendable liberality, you eſtabliſhed the clinical profeſſors in privileges fully equal to thoſe claimed by the Royal College of Surgeons: you allotted them alſo wards, ſuperior in every reſpect to thoſe of the ſurgeons.

As for experiments in ſurgery, we know of none; it is a department of practice too plain and ſimple not to have ſettled principles: the rules of our ſcience aſcertain, with tolerable preciſion, where an operation is neceſſary. When a white ſwelling is plainly incurable, it is no experiment to cut off the limb, and there is but one way in which the operation can be performed! but it is an experiment, and a bold one too, when arſenic is given to cure that ſlight intermitting fever which bark and wine will poſitively cure.

It is unqueſtionably true, that the teaching and demonſtrating by experiment the beſt and moſt approved practice, muſt be, upon the whole, advantageous to the ſick; yet the making profeſſed trial of every practice is not ſo! it is only on the preſumption of general good, that, in this inſtance, experiments, which muſt be a partial evil, are allowed. We unequivocally approve, in the practice of the medical pro-

feſſion, a latitude which we dare not admit in our own: we unequivocally declare, that we think a clinical ward the moſt uſeful part of a medical inſtitute; yet there are many, above the rank of the vulgar, who will be always doubtful whether your delegated powers, as managers of a public charity, extend thus omnipotently over the lives of your fellow-creatures.

The univerſity could never, by any public nor private exertion, by its influence, its riches, or the report of its good intentions, and the benefit intended to ſcience, have erected this moſt neceſſary part of the medical ſchool. A diſtinct Clinical Hoſpital is a thing quite unknown; ſuch an undertaking never was attempted: though a laudable inſtitution, a Clinical Hoſpital muſt be ſhrouded from the public eye. A Clinical Hoſpital, erected with the avowed deſign of receiving deſperate and forlorn caſes! of practiſing experiments! of teaching the profeſſion to young phyſicians! of proving the hypotheſes of medicine! and trying, by experience, the efficacy of drugs, will never paſs upon the world for a mere charity. Such an inſtitution would be looked upon with jealouſy by the rich, and by the poor with horror. Thoſe who entered, by ſad neceſſity, into ſuch a hoſpital, would believe themſelves every way loſt; and thoſe who died, would be thought to have ſuffered. Gentlemen, it is to your liberal conſtructions of the deſign of ſuch an inſtitution, and to your regard for ſcience and the general intereſts of humanity, that we owe the benefits of the Clinical Wards and Lectures. Your motives for allowing this dangerous innovation, were pure and open. No buſy ſearcher into the records of your Infirmary can prove, on

this occaſion, a pactum illicitum! a preſent of money! an actual reward for the perverſion of the judgment! a logical, or a real bribe! No, the univerſity had nothing to give, and every thing to gain.

So it happened, however, that Clinical Wards were appointed, and lectures on the caſes of the patients were given in your hoſpital; a thing unknown in London, or in other ſchools! and books of experiments, under the undiſguiſed name of CLINICAL EXPERIMENTS, were publiſhed by the Profeſſors of the univerſity, and trials of new medicines, and new methods of cure, made on the good people of this city: for what end? not for the inſtruction of our own native ſurgeons, but for the inſtruction of young men, convened by the celebrity of the ſchool, from all parts of the world.

What then is the nature of this new department, ingrafted thus upon the original conſtitution of this hoſpital? What unbought privileges have the profeſſors of the univerſity acquired?---They, without any exertion to erect a ſchool, have found one in your wards! and without the invidious name of Clinical Hoſpital, they have a ſafe place where they can make experiments, as dangerous, as long continued, as expenſive as they pleaſe! without a new inſtitution to ſupport, they receive the fees of the numerous pupils, and without adding to the funds of the houſe, (ſince thoſe pupils pay to the infirmary no more than the ordinary fees,) they have poſſeſſion of wards, larger and better appointed than thoſe allotted to our ſurgical department: Without their purpoſe being obſerved, they can go into the waiting-room, and mark out the moſt dangerous diſeaſes as the ſubjects for

their practice. Sometimes when patients, having uncommon diſeaſes, are received by the ordinary phyſicians, they are reclaimed by the Clinical Profeſſors, the rightful lords of the manor! At one time fevers, at another palſies, at another time hydropſies or convulſions, are in requeſt! The Hoſpital itſelf, and all its patients, are at the command of the clinical profeſſors! they walk in among theſe patients! look at them! hang their noſological labels and tallies round their necks! and ſend them to their own wards, there to prick off the lines of the prevailing doctrines upon their bodies.

Let us now apply to this department of the practical ſchool, the obſervations and criticiſms of your enterpriſing Memorialiſt. "The ſurgeons," ſays he, "ſucceed each other "in rapid ſucceſſion every two months." It is true, but where the ſurgeon is changed, his aſſiſtant uſually ſucceeds him! Each ſurgeon begins to attend the infirmary a month before his term of duty arrives, and he does not ceaſe to attend till thoſe upon whom he has performed any great operation, are well. Though the ſurgeon is changed every two months, the patients are permament; the practice is ſteady, rational, and conſiſtent; numbers of ſurgeons are in conſtant attendance in the conſultation room, to aſſiſt the attending ſurgeon with their advice; he often appeals to them, and there ſeldom paſſes a day in which he does not bring patients with various complaints into the conſulting room; either to conſult about their caſes when they are received, to remark, to his fellow-ſurgeons, any remarkable changes in their diſeaſes, or to ſhow their condition before they are diſcharged.

But in the Clinical Ward, the phyſician in attendance is always alone and unaſſiſted; his office is indeed of ſuch a nature as will not allow of advice or aſſiſtance. Each winter two phyſicians take charge of theſe wards, and each attends but a little more than two months. The firſt phyſician comes out in November, fills his wards, aſſorts his diſeaſes, writes notes and regular reports of his patients' complaints; completes his experiments, lectures on their caſes, and then empties theſe wards, by delivering his patients over to the ordinary phyſicians, or by actually diſmiſſing them from the houſe. Is it not happy for theſe poor people, that they have not the ſenſibilities and delicacies of people bred in the higher ranks of life? This is a kind of teaching, in which the demonſtrator chalks his lines and diagrams on the board, till, having demonſtrated too much at once, his lines become perplexed! but he takes his ſpunge, and wipes all clear for ſome new demonſtration.

Theſe being profeſſed experiments, it is not uſual for the ſecond profeſſor to compleat the experiments, or purſue the practice of the firſt. The wards which are opened in November are emptied in January, in February they are filled again! Then come new patients, new caſes, new experiments, new doctrines, and a new Profeſſor! all theſe things are changed, and "the WHALE" finds itſelf ſporting in a freſh element, with NEW TUBS of all forms and dimenſions, floating around it.

Now we are naturally called upon to remember one cruel reflection, which does no honour to the Memorialiſt's head nor heart. It ſeems as if it were the very buſineſs of his ponderous volume to repreſent the younger ſurgeons as void of

education or talents, incapable even of the moſt ordinary duties; he repreſents them as almoſt incapable of learning their profeſſion, and yet trying to learn. The words "*young*, *inexperienced*, and *bad*," are inſeparable through his Memorial! The language he uſes muſt bring diſtreſſing feelings home to the minds of thoſe who have been accuſtomed to truſt in our profeſſional knowledge, and to commit their health, and that of their family, to our care.

He knows little, indeed, of our common profeſſion, who is not ſenſible, that *experience* is leſs neceſſary in ſurgery, than in medical practice, and in operations not at all. An operation is a diſſection, which he who is able to perform, is able to perform! Far from learning by experience, a ſurgeon muſt be perfect in operations before he preſume to touch the knife. But the Memorialiſt is ſo ignorant in our profeſſion, that he applies to it the rules and canons of his own: he believes that, ſurgery, like medicine, is an uncertain and ſpeculative ſcience! he believes, that in our profeſſion, what is wiſe and learned to-day, may be wrong and ignorant to-morrow! that our profeſſion is learnt by experience, and not by ſtudy! and, finally, that old ſurgeons only can excel: though, if this were true, ours would be a profeſſion in which no man could excel, ſince the grey head of wiſdom is generally accompanied with a ſhaking and faultering hand.

But if experience be required, in what ſtation ſhould it be more deſirable, than in conducting a clinical ward; where good ſenſe, prudence, diſcretion, and profeſſional knowledge are all needful? It is the part of the hoſpital to which the moſt hopeleſs and deſperate caſes are conveyed; the ſtage of perpetual experiments; the ſcene upon which the public eye

is fixed; the department of your inſtitution, where popular prejudices are moſt to be feared. It is the ſchool, too, where the phyſician not only practiſes on his fellow-creatures, but inſtructs, at once, hundreds of young men, and extends the errors or benefits of his own practice to diſtant times and countries.

Where, in all the circle of medical teaching, in ſchools, colleges, or hoſpitals, is there a more important charge? Let the Memorialiſt remember by which of the profeſſors theſe duties are fulfilled! and learn to ſpeak diſcreetly of us, though we are young men!

It happens that, at this very time, the chairs of this univerſity are filled with young men, very young men. Dr Gregory himſelf, but a young man, boaſts of having occupied a moſt important ſtation in it for twenty-four years. "He is an old Profeſſor of the theory, and of the practice, of medicine; and conſultations, to the amount of ſome thouſands, have paſſed through his hands." The Profeſſorſhips of chemiſtry, anatomy, midwifery, and materia medica, are filled with men, younger than the youngeſt of thoſe whom this gentleman thinks fit to deſcribe as young and inexperienced ſurgeons! To thoſe gentlemen we mean no diſreſpect, we wiſh them all honour and happineſs; not with the cold civility and ceremony, which a public occaſion like this may ſeem to require; we wiſh them ſucceſs, from a ſincere love of our profeſſion, and attachment to that ſchool where we received our education: we hope that they will prove, by their conduct and diligence, that young men are as capable of ſerious and important duties, as thoſe who are advanced in years. To diſtinguiſh any of theſe gentlemen, might

ſeemunjuſt to others; yet we cannot refrain from obſerving, that the youngeſt of theſe profeſſors, the profeſſors of materia medica, and chemiſtry, do honour to the univerſity; the one, a popular lecturer on a popular ſcience; the other, an able teacher, a liberal and a learned one.

We are almoſt aſhamed, Gentlemen, to uſe an argument which is level to all capacities, which no well-deſigning perſon could neglect, in which we ſhall be anticipated by every man of an impartial and liberal mind. While the ſchool-fellows of our early years are ſupporting the intereſts and dignity of the firſt medical ſchool in the world! WE, MAY PRESUME, THAT WE ARE ABLE, IN OUR PROFESSION, TO ADMINISTER TO THE POOR! TO PRACTISE THE HUMBLE, BUT RESPECTABLE DUTIES, OF HOSPITAL SURGEONS! TO DRESS SORES, AND TO AMPUTATE LIMBS!

SECTION III.

VINDICATION OF THE CHARACTER OF THE YOUNGER SURGEONS.

Cur timeam, dubitemve locum defendere? quamvis!

"IS it the fault of a youth of four and twenty, juſt beginning the practice of his profeſſion, that he has not all the ſkill, and uſeful experience, and manual dexterity, of *a ſurgeon fifty years of age!* who has had *very extenſive practice for twenty years?*"

"It is the fault of that *execrable ſyſtem* eſtabliſhed by a *ſordid bargain*, which gives to every ſuch youth, who is a Fellow of the *Royal College of Surgeons*, that right of attendance in the Hoſpital!"

"It is, I know, apprehended by ſeveral of our number, that the ſurgeons will ſtrongly oppoſe, on this occaſion, that alteration *with reſpect to the attendance of the Hoſpital, which I think eſſential to the good of this Hoſpital!* if ſo, it will give us but the more trouble!"

"But they muſt, before they can *gain their cauſe*, prove that a poor man, when received ſick into the Royal Infirmary, with reſpect to *health, and life, and limb!* is no more than an ox! when admitted to the ſhambles! and the ſkin! of an ox! when thrown into the tan-pit!"

What kind of catechiſing call you this?—Where did the learned gentleman hear, or how came he to delight in expreſſions like theſe? "That a ſick man, in reſpect of health, and life, and limb, is no better than an ox admitted to the ſhambles, and the ſkin of an ox thrown into the tan-pit!" It is an expreſſion either ſo defective in reſpect of grammar, or ſo new to our ear, or ſo foreign, at leaſt, to the uſual language of polite converſation, or ordinary compoſition, that we are uncertain what it means; and the ſenſe that does glimmer through theſe homely expreſſions, is of ſuch a kind as deprives us of all deſire to ſcan it more narrowly. Nor can we have the ſmalleſt wiſh to vindicate our rights and profeſſional reputation, or "gain our cauſe by the uſe of the ſame language, with which our profeſſion, our reputation, our cauſe, and the cauſe of every man who reſpects the decencies of life, has been aſſailed. Were theſe the only weapons allowed in this ordeal, we ſhould at once acknowledge this gentleman as undiſputed maſter of the field.

We are ſurpriſed at the warmth with which the Memorialiſt expreſſes his tender feelings, where he could not feel. He never entered a ſurgical ward, nor ſaw an operation. If he had even for once ſeen the ſufferings of a fellow-creature protracted, or life itſelf endangered by ignorance, we could have pardoned all the extravagance of his reflections, even while we felt their untruth.

Faults there may be in the arrangement of your Hoſpital; in our conduct there may be errors; and we wiſh this Memorialiſt had known ſomething really wrong,

that he might not have truſted thus to imagination alone.

> Hoc ſatius, quam ſi dicas ſub judice, vidi
> Quod non vidiſti.

A ſtranger, perhaps, to thoſe feelings, and certainly a ſtranger to thoſe cruel operations, and the reputed cruel men who practiſe them, he feigns all the ſympathies of the moſt tender nature! while his bewildered imagination glances with all the frenzy, but without the inſpiration of a poet, from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. How can ſuch feelings exiſt without a cauſe? are they conſiſtent with the language of this Memorial, or the moſt unnatural and cruel deſign of depriving young men of your confidence, of the confidence even of their private friends?—are they conſiſtent with this forged tale of injuries to the ſick poor, with which the public ear is abuſed, and which fills the mind of every man of real humanity with horror? The Memorialiſt, forgetting the duties of a medical manager, imputes all that is wrong to our miſconduct, to the miſconduct of the younger ſurgeons.

We hold very light the feelings of that man who knows not how to ſpare the feelings of the humane and charitable, for to them truly is this Memorial addreſſed. Nor can we much reſpect his faith and honour, who, while he urges you to elect ſurgeons, writes a libel, an indiſcriminate libel, againſt the younger ſurgeons; though they alone are fit for the laborious duties of a public charity, and are beſt able to perform operations: They have, in regular ſucceſſion, done (unaſſiſted

by their older brethren) the duties of your Hoſpital for twenty years :—laborious and difficult duties !—and how full of reſponſibility, this gentleman has made us feel moſt ſenſibly.

Conſcious of the atrocity of his repreſentations, he acknowledges, and repeatedly avows his ignorance! a ſuperfluous document, God knows! and to us a ſlender conſolation. His ignorance! after what he has publiſhed againſt us, what could his confeſſions of ignorance avail? We know his ignorance; we could have proved, had he ventured to deny it, a degree of ignorance which, in the character he has thought fit to aſſume, is criminal. But to you, the Managers of this Hoſpital, to the humane and charitable, whoſe beſt feelings have been wounded by his repreſentations, it muſt be a happineſs to know, that the man who condemns your inſtitution, reviles your ſurgeons, and repreſents their operations as murders, as a ſucceſſion of murders, committed upon the privilege of an illicit bond! in the ſpirit of the vindictive Jew!—is utterly ignorant of your ſurgeons, your operations, your wards! He cares not who knows it, he tells it, he records it with his own hand.

This is not, what you ſuppoſed, a thinking, feeling man, ſeriouſly oppreſſed with his ſorrowful thoughts; ſeriouſly unhappy for the condition of the poor and the deſtitute! But a vain-glorious boaſtful man, forgetting all the dignities of his ſtation, and deſcending from his high place, to ſnatch at a character for fine feeling, fine writing, fine morals, and for the reputation of noble, generous,

and open diſpoſitions. We ſhall not ſay he has gone out for wool, and come home a ſhorn ;—but he has gained a name, which, we believe, it will not be eaſy to loſe.

He muſt write boldly who takes no care about the truth of his allegations; and your Memorialiſt thinks good to take his facts on credit, as he does his feelings. He knows no ſurgeons; he has ſeen no operations; he never entered the wards where thoſe daily cruelties are perpetrated. Is it not ſtrange, that one whoſe ſpirit was ſo perturbed with thoſe ſad viſions, that it could not reſt, never ventured to look actually upon the impreſſive ſcene! He never went into the den to take his favourite ſketch of Daniel, or of one ſitting like Daniel, with all the fear, but without the faith of the prophet! No, imagination in the work he deſigned, was more uſeful than truth! He never entered into your theatre on that day which is a Sabbath of peace and eaſe to all the world, except your unhappy ſubjects ; becauſe, in his moral, as in ſome religious ſyſtems, faith and knowledge are directly oppoſed. He avoids knowledge, leſt it ſhould taint his faith ; and ſays within himſelf, " We truſt we have a good conſcience."—This is the man who inſults our profeſſion, and ſlanders the younger ſurgeons. In the plenitude of that fierce character which he has aſſumed, he " does his pleaſure, without regard to numbers, good manners, or juſtice," and " makes his ignorance his wantonneſs."

As we turn over the pages of this Memorial, we find periodical proteſtations of ignorance, which we hope and truſt

ariſe from periodical paroxyſms of remorſe; ſometimes, we fear, of pride; for always, as the Memorialiſt proteſts his ignorance of ſurgeons and ſurgery, he vaunts his ſkill in law and metaphyſics, and in that right, ſound logical reaſoning, which was the ſame in Greek mathematics, two thouſand years ago, that it now is in Scotch law. We ſay, periodical proteſtations, and we are entirely perſuaded that this, ſince it cannot be the ignorance of a dull man, is ſyſtematic, philoſophical ignorance. He follows the precept of the celebrated Adam Smith, who ſays, there is no way of learning a ſcience equal to that of ſitting fairly down and writing about it. The hint is good; the uſe the Profeſſor has made of it is admirable! His metaphyſical inveſtigations of cauſe and effect, are a tolerable ſpecimen, and his preſent Memorial a ſuperlative proof, of that ſucceſs which may be expected from purſuing this plan. Yet we beg leave humbly to ſuggeſt, that the circumſtances of reading, thinking, ſtudying, and inquiring, are eſſential parts of the proceſs recommended by Dr Smith; that, though not literally expreſſed, they muſt be logically implied. Perhaps the Memorialiſt has, on the preſent occaſion, neglected thoſe trifling ceremonies, which may be the reaſon why, in the affair of ſurgery, he has written ſo much, and learned ſo little, and why he will probably perſevere in piling quartos upon quartos, every page of which will prove that the ſimple act of writing—writing—will not do.

Little as we are acquainted with any of thoſe philoſo-

phical expedients, or with the language or reaſoning of Greek mathematics or Scotch law; we cannot but perceive, that there is ſomething particular in making ignorance an argument for confidence; that there is ſomething unuſually bold in a Profeſſor acknowledging the moſt profound ignorance in an important branch of his own profeſſion! while in logic, law, and metaphyſics, he boldly claims the palm. Is there not, alſo, ſomething original and ſtriking, in ſuppoſing this ſound logical reaſoning, as old as the Greeks, as ſtrong as the law, to have no manner of relation to facts? This is ſo contrary to the received opinions of logicians both of the preſent day and of the laſt two thouſand years, that the author's logic and metaphyſics muſt be as completely original as the manner in which they are applied.

But perhaps it is the reaſoning only that your true metaphyſician delights in: from its having no relation to facts, that it continues the ſame for thouſands of years: and perhaps it is from the abſolute independence of this metaphyſical Aura, on every thing except the cerebral coruſcations of the individual operator, that the pleaſure and titillation of the work is ſo irreſiſtibly faſcinating. In this reſpect, indeed! in the individual pleaſure produced by theſe operations there is a littleneſs; but in the indeſcribable dilatation and inflation, as it were, of the mind, which the ſcience produces, and in the mighty atchievements accompliſhed by ſkilful operators, it is a noble one. Your metaphyſician does not creep about "in the priſtine form, on his poſterior extremities," after

the little affairs of this world; he delights in diſcoveries; he launches bold and fearleſs upon the trackleſs ocean, far from the land, not even regarding the ſtars.

Gentlemen, you are plain men of ſenſe and honour, converſant with the buſineſs and duties of life. Rejecting thoſe contemptible pretenſions to law, logic, and metaphyſics, thoſe ſyllogiſms, indictments, and burleſque pleadings! you will return to the plain ſimple queſtion; for, all that the Memorialiſt affects, you muſt in reality feel. The occaſions are many and natural of expreſſing our reſpect for you and for your office. You are the repreſentatives of the humane and generous, who have founded, and who continue to ſupport this noble charity; the poor and the rich, the givers and the receivers, muſt both regard you with perfect confidence; and you are anſwerable to the Giver of all ſupport and comfort, and to your own conſciences, for the faithful diſcharge of every duty.

When there is a public charge againſt your adminiſtration, or thoſe who are in duty under you, you are bound, by every motive, to inquire into the truth. It is not the deſultory Memorial of Dr Gregory that will give you any laſting diſtreſs; but the ſame doubts have long ſince been impreſſed upon the public mind, and common rumour has long reported your Hoſpital in very free terms. Inquire: by all means inquire: but remember always in your inquiries, the words, the ſentiments, the paſſions, the party-ſpirit, expreſſed by this Memorialiſt. It is not the direct aſſertions, but the tendency of this Memorial, that you are bound to regard.

You are now, for the firſt time, informed, that there are two parties among the ſurgeons in this city. Why are you told this? Is it your concern? Parties in philoſophy, in politics, in profeſſions, in religion, and alſo in morals, are not diſavowed; but in the univerſal ſentiment of philanthropy and charity, in that feeling, without which a man is degraded from his nature! who, before your Memorialiſt, has dared to ſay, that there are parties?

Who, but your Memorialiſt, would dare to ſay, that a ſurgeon, if any diſaſtrous event ſhould befal him, requiring ſurgical aſſiſtance and a capital operation, would (if he were forced to receive that aſſiſtance from ſome of his profeſſional brethren) give himſelf up for loſt? The ſentiment, thank God, is new to us; and we hope it will ever be remembered by whom it was firſt deliberately expreſſed. It was by the perſon who declares his enmities irrevocable, and his hatred ſo cruel, that he could hear with pleaſure of his opponent's death.

If there be ſuch a man, we ſhall not aſk whether he be fit to practiſe, or even to live. "We would not wiſh to ſee the man"* capable of enjoying his opponent's death. We will not ſo far degrade ourſelves as to deny the charge: We acquit even our foreſt enemies of thoughts ſo unnatural; nor will we even accuſe this moſt unthinking man of a deliberate ſentiment like this: But he has, to the utter danger of his reputation for ſenſe and good-

* "I would not wiſh to ſee that man," &c. meaning the ſurgeon who would claim his privilege of attending the Infirmary. Vid. Memorial.

neſs, purſued too far a jeſt, unworthy of his abilities, implying a ſentiment he will be glad to diſavow. We invite this gentleman to diſavow the ſentiment. There is a meaſure in our reſentment; we will not allow ourſelves to judge him by his own raſh expreſſions: it is time for us to ſay in favour of one, whoſe conduct we cannot but deſpiſe, that though he may have a light and giddy head, we are ſure he has an honeſt heart.

You are told, there are parties among the ſurgeons. You are alſo told, that there is an office of truſt and confidence, that of permanent ſurgeon to your Hoſpital, which would make the man who could poſſeſs himſelf of it the firſt ſurgeon of this city. Could men, advanced in years, confident in the number of their friends; could politic, cunning, and rapacious men, ſeeing ſo great an object within their reach, reſtrain their deſire to poſſeſs the office within any other bounds than their influence and power? Could thoſe ſecret cravings fail to be diſcloſed from time to time, in murmurings againſt the ſurgical department of your Infirmary, and in invidious malignant reports of the incapacity of the younger ſurgeons? men not ſo much inferior perhaps in abilities or reputation, as in riches or friends? Do not wonder at theſe ill reports! Even for ſuch a cauſe is the general ear rankly abuſed; particular men are threatened: the taking of this department into their own hands has been, for fifteen, perhaps for fifty years, a conſtant ſubject of threatening on the part of the old, and of reſiſtance on that of the young ſurgeons! Inquire, it is juſt, right,

and neceſſary that you ſhould inquire: on the truth of this aſſertion we peril our cauſe.

Behold, then, the honourable cauſe into which you are to be ſeduced as parties! This gentleman, in a Memorial addreſſed to you, informs you that there are parties! Look, then, to your own honour, and reflect on the impartial and ſteady conduct the world will expect from thoſe in your high ſtation. If he inform you there are two parties, you may be aſſured there is one. And the party he ſeems moſt familiar with appear to have employed their evenings and idle hours, like the artizans of Athens *, in playing a play: "Bottom and Snug are the chief contrivers of the ſcene, and it is called Bottom's Dream, becauſe it is bottomleſs." —"Snug enacts the lion's part;" and conſidering that we, who are mere ſpectators, might be in perilous fear, "as there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, he plainly names his name, and puts half his face through the Lion's neck, and ſpeaks thus, or to the following effect:" "I would intreat you not to fear nor to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I came here as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch thing; *I am a man as other men are;* I am Snug the joiner †."

"A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience."

Now, it is to be hoped that Snug, Flute, and Bottom,

* Midſummer Night's Dream.

† "He is made of the ſame ſtuff with other men, and put together in the ſame manner!"——Vid. Memorial, God knows where!

having got out the humour of their play, will return quietly to their reſpective trades.

"Is it the fault of a youth of four and twenty years of age, that he has not all the ſkill and manual dexterity of a ſurgeon fifty years of age?" Yes, truly! youth, and ſpirits, and courage, are on his ſide. He has clear ſenſes, and a ſteady hand. He is not uſed to blanch at the ſight of danger, nor does his heart beat quick even when he ſees his reputation in manifeſt hazard, and the life of his fellow-creature in his hands. He wants none of thoſe natural qualifications which good writers have deſcribed as forming the character of a bold and dextrous ſurgeon. Yet this enterpriſing Memorialiſt, in oppoſition to ſenſe, authority, and the convictions of his own mind, declares young ſurgeons incapable of operations, and proteſts that it is to the ſcandal of ſurgery, that the operations of your Hoſpital are performed by youths of four and twenty years of age! This, he ſays, is the execrable effect of a ſordid bargain! The ſchedule of this pactum illicitum he requires you to tear! to return the price of blood! and proceed ſtraightway to the election of three ſurgeons, rich, well employed, who crawl no longer on their poſterior extremities in the priſtine form! and who are full fifty years of age.

We dare not offer advice; for, though we know well the errors and the benefits of your preſent ſyſtem, we are parties, and we are "but four and twenty years of age!" —a time of life at which, though a Profeſſor may ſupport the dignities of the firſt Univerſity in Europe, a ſurgeon is unable to judge of plain matters, or perform thoſe few

operations, five or six in number, which he has seen performed every week of his life. In this sore strait, what shall we do? Shall we seek to oppose authority to authority? Shall we oppose even Celsus to this formidable impugnator, this Askapart, this Drawcansir of Medical Literature? Shall we expose the shade of the venerable ROMAN, who wrote with such elegant simplicity, to the fury of this dissecter of souls? Celsus says in one place, "Esse autem Chirurgus debet adolescens, aut certe adolescentiæ propior; manu strenua, stabili, nec unquam intremiscente, eaque non minus siniſtra quam dextra promptus; acie oculorum acri claraque; animo intrepidus immisericors."

We have ventured to deliver this opinion, but we chuse to leave it on the authority of Celsus. We willingly make allowance for the premature genius of the Grecian and Roman youth; nor shall we dispute what was with them the precise period of adolescence, at what time their youth was allowed to hang up the bulla among the household puppets, to put on the robe of manhood, "totamque impune permeare saburram." We save Celsus's reputation for accuracy, and our own also, by referring the point to Dr Gregory himself; and we doubt not that certain recollections will incline him to fix the period at which a young man may enter into life, put on the gown, and even assume an important public charge as early as the twenty-fourth year *.

So it is, however, that the eagle eye and fearless mind,

* We would not willingly insult Dr Gregory with recollections of any kind; but since he is so severe upon youth, we cannot refrain from asking

and the ſtrenuous hand that never ſhakes nor trembles, have been uſually aſcribed to youth, and reckoned among the chief endowments of a ſurgeon. By our old maſter in Chirurgery, Clowes, theſe qualities have been moſt fervently praiſed; and the words of Celſus he has paraphraſed in a manner that would do no diſhonour to the memory of Zacharias Boyd himſelf:

> "His fingers muſt be long, and his hands without quaking,
> Stedfaſt to hold without trembling or ſhaking."
>
> CLOWES.

To lard authority upon authority is bad œconomy, when a few ſterling words will ſerve. We ſubmit the claſſical and comical, of Celſus and of Clowes, to the reviſal of Dr Gregory, who is known to have a pretty hand at criticiſm, eſpecially in poetical compoſition. Celſus will not reproach him with his criticiſm however excruciating! he may at his pleaſure correct Celſus into Canitiæ propior. A juſt and neceſſary tribute to philology and to private friendſhip: but we ſtick to Clowes, becauſe he is our countryman, and hope Dr Gregory will always be pleaſed to remember, that ſhortly after the fiftieth year, and before the head is adorned

at what period he was inſtalled Profeſſor? and whether he was not as much a youth at twenty-four years of age, as moſt of his contemporaries?

> Stemmata quid faciunt?——
> Nobilitas ſola eſt atque unica virtus.
> ——Tumes alto Druſorum ſanguine, tanquam
> Feceris ipſe aliquid propter quod nobilis eſſes.

But we will not inſult him with more recollections, even of his favourite claſſics.

with the grey hairs of experience, the ſhaking and the quaking is begun *.

" Is a youth of four and twenty to blame who has not manual dexterity ?" Yes, much to blame ; none can be more culpable than he who neglects to learn the mechanical part of his profeſſion, eſpecially when it is one which relates to the life and health of friends and fellow-creatures. The profeſſion of the young ſurgeon takes its name from manual dexterity, which it is his firſt great duty to acquire. A man of our profeſſion has in the end to attain to the knowledge of a learned ſcience ; but he has firſt to acquire mechanical dexterity ; and when yet a boy, he is, by the care of his friends, put under the ſuperintendence of a maſter, who can beſt teach him that mechanical trade.

Medicine and ſurgery differ leſs than this learned Memorialiſt would have the world believe. Medicine is all ſcience indeed, but he forgets that the profeſſion of a ſurgeon requires, according to his own confeſſion, a thorough knowledge of that very ſcience which forms the ſole education of a Phyſician ! ſo that ſurgery comprehends both ſcience and art : and that part of our profeſſion which is the moſt important to our ſucceſs, and to the lives of our friends, is the moſt ſure.

* There are many other inimitable things in Clowes :

> " He muſt be circumſpect, and ſeek to avoid all ſlander,
> Not too cautious for money, but a reaſonable demander."

But theſe and many other old-faſhioned ſentiments having no relation to Philology, and being very unfit tributes to private friendſhip, we willingly omit.

Medicine, then, is altogether an uncertain ſcience, while ſurgery is, in its moſt important part, an art, and a ſure one! Let the phyſician boaſt, if he will, that his ſcience conſiſts in deep and ſpeculative learning, that it is the profeſſion of genius, that every man is his own ſole teacher, that he walks in the paths of his own high and lofty ſpeculations, nor follows, "with ſtupid pace and ſlow, the conſtant gingle of his leader's bells." We are not aſhamed to avow, that a young man who is to be a ſurgeon will do well to follow his maſter, to obſerve his operations; and, even in the meaneſt drudgeries, to put his hand to the work, learning the mechanical part of ſurgery! and remembering always, that tho' the mechanical parts of the profeſſion do by no means preclude more elevated and intellectual ſtudies, ſurgery is and ever muſt be a mechanical trade. While a young man ſubmits to thoſe drudgeries which lead, by ſlow progreſſive ſteps, to mechanical dexterity, he is doing humanity the beſt ſervice.

We are not inſenſible that there are ſome who would make a young man diſcontented with ſuch labour; and that he himſelf, when his mind begins to ripen, will begin to deſpiſe thoſe ſervile occupations. But as he advances in life, he will learn to ſet a value on thoſe apparently uſeleſs employments of his early years, when he finds himſelf not leſs capable of cultivating his mind; and capable alſo of doing thoſe things with eaſe, which, from want of early habit, men of learning and real diligence cannot with all their endeavours attain to. If there be a fault in general education, it is the ſending out from our Univerſities mere ſpeculative men.

Well,—the youth who has attained the age of four and twenty, has, in our profeſſion of ſurgery, with a little reading, reflection, good ſenſe, and actual experience, learned at leaſt the mechanical part of his trade ; while the phyſician has to ſtudy a ſcience ſo uncertain, that, after half a lifetime ſpent in learning and teaching it, the firſt Profeſſor, the Hereditary Profeſſor of both Theory and Practice, voluntarily declares that it is all vanity. If theſe moſt unaccountable confeſſions be extorted by ſerious conviction, we have every reaſon, although it were ten times more humble, to be contented with our own humble trade.

A phyſician has to ſtruggle with the ſouls and ghoſts, and uneſſential forms of diſeaſed Phænomena, as they are ſtyled, and therefore is he learned in Metaphyſics, which, as Sancho ſays of ſleep, " is a bleſſed contrivance, that covers a man all over like a cloak."—A ſurgeon, having to do with ſomething more palpable and material, learns to feel and diſtinguiſh outward diſeaſes, and to diſſect bodies, which if he have learned faithfully, he may be allowed to practiſe his operations and the mechanical part of his profeſſion without let or hindrance, albeit he know not how to ſharpen and point thoſe ſyllogiſms, with which learned phyſicians diſſect your miſcreant ſouls.

" Is a youth of four and twenty to blame who has not the *uſeful experience* and manual dexterity of an old ſurgeon ?" Yes, much to blame ; for his ſkill and manual dexterity have no connection with experience, and nothing can ſurpriſe us more than to find a profeſſed logi-

cian confounding two diſtinct ideas, that of an expert operator! with an experienced ſurgeon. A man may be an experienced ſurgeon, without being an expert operator; a man may be an expert operator, without being an experienced ſurgeon; to be both at once is the lot of a very few. To be an experienced ſurgeon is no doubt the privilege of years, but to be an expert operator is in the power of almoſt every man bred to our profeſſion; or if it be a peculiar talent, it is the peculiar privilege of youth; ſince the man who is not a bold and dextrous ſurgeon in his youth, will never become ſo when advanced in years. The talent of performing operations may be acquired; to learn to operate is a mere leſſon; the young man gives demonſtration, the moment he lifts the ſurgical knife, whether he have been careful to learn his operations; nor will any experience make that man an operator who is unacquainted with anatomy, and unuſed to hold the knife.

Experience relates to diſeaſes, not to operations. Will experience teach a man how to perform correctly the inciſions of lithotomy, amputation, hernia, or trepan? Experience, if it could teach a man either to perform at firſt, or afterwards to correct, the forms and cuts of theſe operations, might teach him to invent the whole ſcience.

The celebrated Paſcal is reported to have given early marks of ſurpriſing genius, and, among many others, this is one:—His father was a man of letters, whoſe houſe was much frequented by philoſophers, and eſpecially by mathematicians. The boy, when no more than twelve years of age, ſhowed a great deſire to purſue this

branch of ſcience; a paſſion which his father oppoſed, wiſhing him rather to apply to languages and belles-lettres. But ſtill the boy teazed him to know "what was mathematics,"—and he told him, "it meant the art of making correct figures, and diſcovering their ſeveral proportions and relations to one another." But the boy, though ſo ſimple as to aſk what mathematics meant, had ſuch a force of natural genius, that, without books or maſters, upon the mere grounds of this definition, he, with the help of forks, and burnt corks, etched and figured upon the plaſter of his room the moſt perplexed demonſtrations of Euclid. It was neither modeſty, nor want of ability, that prevented him from going through the whole, but merely the accident of his father coming in upon him before he had got farther than the thirty-ſecond propoſition *, and interrupting his diſcoveries by giving him a maſter to teach him.

The operations of ſurgery are learnt by demonſtration, and are by no means more difficult to invent than the Elements of Mathematics. Yet we cannot recollect during our greener years the leaſt tendency to invent ſurgery, or diſcover new operations. We fear that our youths would be ill able to invent the inciſions of lithotomy, or even the double inciſion of amputation. Theſe are things which experience would be long of teaching; and before the diſcoveries were brought to any practical degree of perfection, the individual diſcoverers would probably be well advan-

* Il étoit dèja parvenu juſqu'à la trente-deuxieme propoſition du premier livre d'Euclide, lorſque ſon pere le ſurprit dans cet exercice.

ced towards their fiftieth year; and ere the knife were fleſhed, the ſhaking and quaking would be begun.

Surely the Memorialiſt will not have the heart to diſpute with us, when we maintain only the humility of our trade, and the plainneſs of our duties. He will not deny, that the applying of rollers, the curing of ulcers, and the ſtitching and uniting of wounds, and all the ordinary duties of the ſurgeon, may eaſily be learned during the years of bondage. "But, the great operations, the lithotomies and amputations, which are daily buſineſs in a great Hoſpital, require old and experienced ſurgeons!" Let us then examine, along with the author, this operation of lithotomy, the chef-d'œuvre of ſurgical ſkill.

"They all know, (ſays the Memorialiſt), they all know well, the nicety and danger of this operation in many reſpects! For example, that in thruſting in *a curious kind of knife, like a pointed ſcoop, with a very ſharp cutting edge*, into the bladder, if the operator miſſes the proper direction, by *half a quarter of an inch!* inſtead of making an opening into the bladder, through which the ſtone *may* be extracted, he *will* perforate the neareſt bowel, *thereby* inflicting a mortal wound. They all know that this misfortune has happened in unſkilful hands." —True, this is the very catholic truth: They all know it, acknowledge it, and believe the driving in of this ſcoop to be mortal in unſkilful hands; but the queſtion is, Which are the dextrous and ſkilful hands? Whether will the old or the young operators be moſt apt to miſs the right direction by half a quarter of an inch?

Whether EXPERIENCE will enable an operator to avoid perpetrating this mortal wound?

To learn by experience, is to learn by occaſional miſtakes and errors! but the error here, of half a quarter of an inch, occaſions a mortal wound; which is a plain objection to a man, young or old, learning by experience! or, in other terms, going ſometimes right and ſometimes wrong; ſometimes making a ſafe, ſometimes a mortal wound; ſometimes cutting a man for the ſtone, and ſometimes cutting him for no ſtone at all; and making, nevertheleſs, a mortal wound. We confeſs we have no great prejudice in favour of experience as the right and honeſt way of learning to cut for the ſtone.

In the true, legitimate definition of cutting for the ſtone, there is no mention of this formidable ſcoop: Lithotomy is defined an inciſion ſuch as allows the extraction of the ſtone, made in one determined and limited direction, avoiding thoſe parts, the wounding of which would make an inconvenient, dangerous, or mortal wound. Is there, in this caſe, any organic diſeaſe, any affection of the parts, except the pain, dreadful and excruciating indeed, from the delicate bladder contracting round the rough ſtone? Is there any tumour, any diſorder or disfiguring of the urethra or bladder, any diſtortion or anomalous appearance of any kind, which experience might help us to underſtand? No, nothing is required towards performing the inciſions of lithotomy ſafely, except a knowledge of the natural parts. The bladder is found, the proſtate gland natural, the bulb and the membranous parts of the urethra are always the ſame; the marks for the courſe of

our incifions are conftant and invariable; nothing is required but the knowledge of the parts, unlefs it be that this operation requires, more than any other, the manus ftrenua, ftabilis, nec unquam intremifcens; animus intrepidus immifericors.

Nothing can more furprife us than to find a gentleman proud of his logical reafoning, capable of confounding the oppofite ideas of EXPERIMENT and EXPERIENCE! We perceive, however, that even with men of the fineft metaphyfical talents, a flight inaccuracy of the ear may lead to a ferious error of the judgement. In medicine, experiment is made for the fake of preventing the cruel neceffity of experience. Experience implies danger to our fellow-creature; experiment is a trial made on the dead, to prevent the dangers of acquiring knowledge by experience! that is, by the diftreffes and misfortunes of our fellow-creature. Experience in furgery is trying operations, and learning and practifing them on the living body! and furely the author cannot forget, that the fyftem he execrates is that of young furgeons (for none but young furgeons need fuch leffons) acquiring experience by operating on the living body. Experiment is trying and repeating operations on the dead body! and furely the Memorialift will not forbid this confcientious and innocent way of learning their profeffion to thofe whom he endeavours to deprive of all other means of inftruction.

When we learn by experiment! we firft perform our incifions, then diffect the body, and cannot fail to difcover whether the form of our incifions be fuch as to injure the vital parts or cauſe a mortal wound. But when we learn by

experience! the danger of our patient is the firſt fruit of our experience; his death is the proof that we have made this mortal wound; and our patient is dead without even the ſlighteſt benefit accruing to thoſe who ſurvive: for when the dead body is opened, in place of the clean inciſion of an experiment, we ſee nothing but ſuppurations, gangrenes, and total confuſion of parts.

Experience, then, it would appear, is ſuch as the proverb reports it, dear bought both to wiſe men and fools. It is by no means deſirable for the lieges, rich or poor, that either young or old ſurgeons ſhould be pupils of this ſchool ſolely; much of a man's knowledge, and all his talents for operations, muſt be acquired by experiment! before this experience be begun. We are accuſed of reſembling the vindictive Jew, yet we abhor the thought of practiſing ſurgical operations on any but the dead body; and we leave the Memorialiſt to explain, in his next Memoir, how operations, and mainly this operation of cutting for the ſtone, may be honeſtly learned by experience; that is, by repeated trials on the living body. We alſo leave the Memorialiſt to chuſe, "not when he is to cut for the ſtone, which is a trifle, but to be cut, which is enough to frighten the devil himſelf, if he had got a ſtone in his bladder;" we leave him to chuſe the man with the ſharp ſcoop, or the man that could do it without the ſcoop *.

* "So thought the Moſt Honourable the Calves Head Club; and in their grand climax of toaſts, on the 30th of January, firſt drank, as in duty bound, The Man in the Maſk;"—and next, with enthuſiaſm and rapture, "The Man who would have done it without the Maſk."——*Memorial, p.* 242.

" When a young ſurgeon is juſt going to begin the practice of his profeſſion, can he have all the ſkill of a ſurgeon fifty years of age?" No, ſurely, he cannot be both a youth of four and twenty, and a wealthy, well-employed, well-reſpected man of fifty years of age. He may not have much experience in diſeaſes, but he cannot fail to be ſkilful in operations. He is juſt come from that ſchool where operations are explained; he has ſeen and practiſed diſſections; he has ſeen and has performed operations on the dead body; he has better marks for conducting his inciſions, than the old ſurgeon who has learned operations perhaps only by deſcription, or by obſerving the motions of the hand and inſtruments while others have been cutting for the ſtone.—And the Memorialiſt, although he ſays that the attendance of every youth of four and twenty years of age is a diſgrace to your Hoſpital, and " bad, and worſe than bad, and worſe than the worſt, for the ſick poor;" yet does he confeſs, that ſuch ſurgeons are in poſſeſſion of all the experience this great ſchool of ſurgery affords, for they have conducted the Hoſpital for twenty years!

Forgetting for a moment the cauſe he had undertaken to plead, the Memorialiſt has told us of the old ſurgeons having forſaken their duties for twenty years. Have they been learning anatomy? No, forgetting it. Have they been engaged in performing operations? No, not one. In what does this fitneſs conſiſt? in the ſhaking and the quaking:—In what does their experience, their dexterity, their practice conſiſt? " In fitting on the ten thouſand bliſters, deſtined, time immemorial, and pre-ordain-

ed for the patient backs of the lieges of this city," whoſe " ſtupidity and cullibility" the author celebrates in terms never to be forgotten *.

Operations, though far the leaſt important part of ſurgery, deeply intereſt the public mind, and uſurp a place in our profeſſion which does not belong to them. The man who performs operations dextrouſly riſes in the public eſtimation, not becauſe every inhabitant of a city is in daily fear (like a ſoldier on dangerous ſervice) of ſome cruel accident, requiring an operation; but becauſe the man, who is the moſt capable, in this the moſt difficult part of our profeſſion, is eſteemed capable of performing his ordinary and humble duties in the moſt perfect manner.

This talent of performing operations may be acquired in one of two ways: by experience, by reading deſcriptions of the parts in books of anatomy and ſurgery; or by experiment, by actual frequent diſſection of the parts of the human body, ſo as to be familiar with every dangerous part, on which an operation may be performed. The former was the method of the old, the latter is peculiar to the modern ſchool.

There was a time, nor is the period long elapſed, when the phyſicians were anatomiſts, and inſtructed the ſurgeons how to operate; and ſurgeons, unacquainted with the practice of diſſection, read the principles of ſurgery, and the deſcriptions of the human body, in the books of the phyſicians. Ruiſch, Morgagni, Albinus, Haller, were ſuch

* Vid. Memorial, God knows where!

phyſicians, and our profeſſion looked up to them with that reverence which their talents, ſevere ſtudies, and real profeſſional ſuperiority deſerved. A ſurgeon in thoſe days, truſting little to his own actual knowledge, followed, *ſtep* by *ſtep*, in performing his operations, the directions of the moſt approved author. It cannot be impertinent to remind the Memorialiſt of the period in which this Hoſpital was eſtabliſhed, when all our ſurgeons were of this antique ſchool.

Suppoſe a ſurgeon of thoſe times to have ventured once in his life, to raiſe a dead body from the grave, and hid it in his chamber, with the deſign of performing firſt lithotomy upon the corpſe, and then in ſucceſſion the other operations. He takes out *his ſharp ſcoop!* and his forceps from his repoſitories, locks his chamber-door, liſtens whether there be any one near, uncovers and ties up his ſubject, and liſtens again. Unuſed to diſſection, he knows neither the membranous part of the urethra, nor the bulb, nor the proſtate gland. He looks for the deſcription of all theſe parts in his anatomical book; and takes up a ſurgical one to direct him *in the ſteps of the operation.* He lays before him the ponderous volume of Heiſter, (honeſt Lawrence Heiſter, the pillar of ſurgery!), where ſenſe diſtils through Teutonic Latin, ſlowly, drop by drop! He turns his ſtaff the wrong way, that he may learn the tour de maitre, or cunning turn! He cuts as he finds it directed, half an inch to this ſide, or half a quarter of an inch to that ſide; not according to his knowledge of the parts, but according to his manner of tranſlating a ſentence or a word,

upon which the correctneſs of his inciſion depends. He reads a ſentence, cuts a cut, and reads, and cuts, and reads again. Thus he proceeds ſtep by ſtep; and when he has at laſt diſcovered whereabouts his ſtaff or directory lies, he, after ſome trifling miſtakes, fixes the point of his "ſharp ſcoop" in the groove of the ſtaff, and drives it into the bladder "blindfold," as our Profeſſor of Anatomy very juſtly obſerves, making that horrid thruſt among the viſcera, which, if it deviated "half a quarter of an inch!" and, if his patient were not immortal! would make a mortal wound.

This is the manner of the old ſchool: the operator completes his inciſions as much in the dark as any Profeſſor could deſire; and turning from the book to the ſubject, and from the ſubject to the book, goes through a leſſon not much more profitable than that of a certain gentleman, who, in ſtudying a very innocent, polite accompliſhment, cauſed no ſmall diſturbance. He became a lodger in the upper floor of ſome quiet good people, who, ſoon after his arrival, being ſuddenly alarmed with moſt unaccountable noiſes, which ſhook the tenement to its foundations, the whole family, young and old, ruſhed up ſtairs, and ſtood panting with anxiety at the door of their lodger's chamber. The bouncing ſtill continued, and ſhook the houſe, and the very ſtairs on which they ſtood. At laſt they ventured to peep through the chinks of the door, and ſaw their lodger, a tall, well-grown gentleman, in his waiſtcoat, with a great volume laid open before him, reading a ſentence, and then caper-

ing very furiouſly!—in ſhort—learning to dance by book!

Though ſenſibility and fine feelings may prevent a phyſician from being a party or a ſpectator in operations, yet he ſhould be better verſed in the hiſtory of ſurgery, than to give this contemptible deſcription of an operation, which, from its boldneſs and wonderful ſucceſs, ſhould intereſt every man who takes a real concern in the ſufferings of his fellow-creatures. The Memorialiſt ſhews his ignorance, not in ſupplicating terms, as if requeſting information, he always ſpeaks the language of reproach. "They know" and "they know well," are by no means appeals to ſuperior judgement: But we regard rather the wants of the Memorialiſt, than the language in which they are expreſſed, and will dole out to him ſome information concerning this ſharp ſcoop.

In the earlieſt times, lithotomy was performed; but in boys only, where the ſtone could be reached with the finger, preſſed forwards, and preſented at the perineum, and cut upon with the knife! Lithotomy in thoſe grown in years, was an operation too dangerous to be attempted by men of reputation: Miſcarriages were ſo much more frequent than ſucceſs, that it was dangerous even to the profeſſion; ſo that Hippocrates exacted a promiſe from his pupils, and made them ſwear that they would never attempt to cut for the ſtone.

We indeed find the operation of lithotomy actually practiſed on men grown in years, by Joannes de Romanis*, an Italian phyſician; but with an apparatus of inſtruments

* Anno 1520.

ſo terrific, that it was named the Apparatus Major. It was not on account of the numbers or cruel form of the cutting inſtruments then uſed, that his operation was named the Apparatus Major; but becauſe he and his contemporaries were ſtill afraid to cut for the ſtone. They were afraid to wound any membranous part: They reſpected as a great rule of ſurgery, that aphoriſm of Hippocrates, which declares the wounds of membranes to be mortal: They were afraid to cut the bladder itſelf with the knife; they cut the urethra only. Under pretence of dilating, they tore open the neck of the bladder, and the conductors, wedges, and other blunt inſtruments with which they forced the neck of the bladder, filled the pouch which hung before the operator, and conſtituted the apparatus major.

It was their principle to dilate the neck of the bladder, but not to cut it. The laceration was dreadful; the operation laſted a full hour; the cries of the patient, at every turning of theſe dilators, were lamentable; and gangrene of the parts almoſt inevitably enſued. This ſame ſcoop was then much blunter, but not more innocent than it is now. It was uſed merely as a wedge to dilate the neck of the bladder, and burſt up the ring or ſtricture of the proſtate gland which ſurrounds it. But often the urethra and neck of the bladder were ſeparated from each other by the puſhing of this blunt wedge, ſcoop, or gorget, as it is now called; and then the death of the patient was more inevitable, than if, being ſharp, it had been driven deep among the bowels.

Amidſt this devaſtation and tearing of the parts, (for

this mode of operating was practiſed during a hundred and fifty years), appeared Frere Jacques of Beaufort in Burgundy, a mendicant friar of the loweſt order. He was ſaid to belong to the third order of St Francis, a brotherhood of monks ſo contemptible that they could not read. He travelled through the towns of France, living a ſevere abſtemious life, aſſuming every outward mark of ſanctity, humility, and charity. Operations he performed by the peculiar favour and appointment of Heaven. He ſubſiſted on ſoups and herbs, and accepted only of that trifle of money which was neceſſary to mend his ſhoes, and ſharp his inſtruments, which were very homely and in ill repair. But where, or from whom, he had really learnt thoſe operations, were ſecrets too important to his own good fortune, ever to be diſcloſed.

This man arrived at laſt in Paris, after having travelled through the provinces of France *. The certificates and the letters he brought from the magiſtrates of cities and provincial towns, availed him leſs than thoſe exteriors of ſanctity and charity he knew ſo well how to aſſume. The ſame enthuſiaſm always ſupported him. His influence was ſuch as the magiſtrates of cities durſt not always oppoſe; the populace flocked round him, and even the higher ranks, and the learned, regarded him as one ſent from heaven. His operations he performed with a courage bordering on raſhneſs. He never failed (for how ſhould ſuch a man fail?) to cut out the ſtone. But, having made that exhibition of ſkill, he took no charge of his patient, no ſhame, whatever misfor-

* Anno 1697.

tunes might enſue. His buſineſs, he ſaid, was to extract the ſtone. He left his patient to his fate, to live or die, and boldly appealed to heaven for his ſucceſs.

In France, it has been long the cuſtom to perform operations, and eſpecially that of lithotomy, only in ſpring and autumn, when hundreds are collected in the great hoſpitals of Paris. The theatre was for a certain number of days inundated with blood. Twenty were often cut for the ſtone in one morning. The operations were performed by the profeſſed lithotomiſts of the two great hoſpitals, la Charité and the Hotel Dieu. Then as now, ſcience and politics were in that city ſo confounded, that no man could riſe in our profeſſion, without the favour of the great. Solicitation was the chief ſtudy of your great operators, and Frere Jacques ſpared no pains. He paid his addreſſes to the nobility, and followed the Court to Verſailles and Fontainebleau. The prieſts were his natural partizans, for he was a prieſt; the phyſicians were his ſupporters, becauſe they hated the ſurgeons; the people ſhouted after him, becauſe—he came from heaven.

After various adventures and unwearied ſolicitations, after being driven out of the city, and returning again protected by the Court, Frere Jacques appeared once more in Paris. The magiſtrates, the colleges, and the partizans of both factions, were convened in the Arch-Biſhop's palace, where, after warm and uneaſy debates, the magiſtrates reſolved, that he ſhould be allowed to operate in the great hoſpitals; and our countrymen then on their travels in France have given, in their

public letters, very affecting relations of what he performed. He uſed no other apparatus than a knife and a round ſtaff. He introduced the ſtaff into the bladder, to guide that inciſion, (or that plunge rather with a dagger-ſhaped knife), with which he made his way into the bladder; the ſtone he extracted to the aſtoniſhment of all beholders. He ſtruck this dagger-ſhaped knife ſo boldly, that often he transfixed the bladder, and made a mortal wound. He wiſhed that the ſtone might be large, becauſe, of extracting the largeſt ſtone, he had no fear: And ſo unlimited were his inciſions, ſuch was the rudeneſs with which he plunged this dagger, that the very ſize of the ſtone was a protection to the upper part of the bladder and to the bowels beyond it.

Thoſe ſkilled in operations were awe-ſtruck, and felt a thrilling horror when they ſaw this ignorant bold man plunge his dagger deep into the hip, ſearching even with the point of his knife for the ſtone: while thoſe who knew not the danger of ſuch a wound expreſſed nothing but ſurpriſe and ſatisfaction at the eaſe with which it extracted the ſtone. He often cut twenty patients in a morning; and ſuch was the concourſe of all ranks and profeſſions to ſee his operations, that ſentries were poſted at the gates of the hoſpital, to prevent diſorder.

The ſame fearleſs operations he had performed in various cities; and had, with all the addreſs of an impoſtor, procured teſtimonials of his ſucceſſes even from the magiſtrates. But he had left his patients to the care of that providence which had inſpired him with the gift of performing operations! and they died. Letters

came poſting from all parts of France, retracting thoſe teſtimonials which had ſo remarkably contributed to his ſucceſs.—His patients in Paris began to die. Frere Jacques, elated with praiſe while it laſted, could not withſtand this diſgrace;—yet one artifice more he could not refrain from trying: He accuſed the monks of La Charité, men conſecrated to the humane duties of that Hoſpital, of deliberately poiſoning his patients, and mangling anew thoſe wounds which he had made correctly. This was a ſure prelude of his flight. His patients in the Hotel Dieu alſo began to die, ſeven or eight in a day. He diſappeared, after being ſupported for a while by that enthuſiaſm which "outruns the pauſer reaſon."

In a few months, then, this turbulent ſcene was at an end, and Frere Jacques is mentioned always in the hiſtory of our art, becauſe to ſuch a man, ſo ignorant, bold, and ſuperſtitious, do we owe that very operation of Lithotomy which we now perform. His audacity broke the ſpell; and the Aphoriſm of Hippocrates, which declares the wounds of membranous parts mortal, was no longer regarded. Dilatation was no longer thought the ſafeſt way of operating; the dilating inſtruments of the Apparatus Major were laid aſide; his operations proved that it was ſafer to operate by inciſion, where ſurgeons were accuſtomed only to tear,—in ſhort, that it was ſafe to CUT for the STONE.

When this tragical operation, performed with a dagger-like knife, was to be reduced to ſome practicable form, the help of ſurgeons and of correct anatomiſts

was required. Then the Academy of Surgery appointed a certain number of their members as a permanent committee. Frere Jacques performed his operation on ſix dead bodies in their preſence. The ſubjects were diſſected by Mr Mery. The irregularity of his inciſions (and they were fatally irregular) was marked, the dangers of his occaſional deviations aſcertained, and the operation ſo reformed, that it is practiſed at this day according to the rules and principles eſtabliſhed by thoſe anatomiſts a hundred years ago.

Though this rude and bold operator ſhewed that it was poſſible to cut for the ſtone, it remained for Mery, Mareſchall, Raw, and Cheſelden, the greateſt anatomiſts of that age, to ſhew how it might be done ſafely. By diſſection was this operation of Lithotomy eſtabliſhed; according to the anatomy of the parts muſt it always be performed; and by anatomy, and proofs drawn from it, have ſurgeons always decided on the merits of whatever new operations have been propoſed.

When cutting for the ſtone was a diſtinct profeſſion, and the office of penſioned Lithotomiſt to princes and Cities was given according to the public voice, trials of ſkill were not unfrequent. Commiſſaries were appointed on occaſions of this kind by the Royal Academy of Surgery; dead bodies were laid upon the diſſecting-table of the Hotel Dieu; the operations were performed by the contending parties; the parts diſſected by the moſt ſkilful anatomiſts; the reports were ſigned by the Academicians, and various documents of this kind are

regiſtered in their memoirs, and conſtitute the chief authorities in our profeſſion.

It chanced that about fifty years after the time of Frere Jacques, there aroſe another innovator, Frere Come, a quack and a prieſt, characters in thoſe days often combined. He diſputed the place of penſioned Lithotomiſt with a man of real talents and learning, Mr Le Cat, ſurgeon of Rouen in Normandy. On this occaſion, the conclave of lithotomiſts was again aſſembled. The arbitrators and judges were fifteen in number; they met in the month of February, and broke up in the month of March *, and from day to day their reports were regularly carried to the king! for ſtill the nobility took an intereſt in thoſe bloody quarrels. But the principals were abſent: Le Cat was at home in Normandy; he was ſulky and would not come. Frere Come had, we may ſuppoſe, boys to cut for the rupture at the fairs in Germany, and he could not come: certain regimental ſurgeons were therefore appointed to repreſent the adverſe parties, and proceeded as Proxies to cut for the ſtone. Here ſat the judges; there ſtood the gallant repreſentative of Le Cat, and on the other ſide ſtood the repreſentative of Frere Come, each with the knife in his hand. Here ſtood one ſecretary, reading the aphoriſms of Le Cat, and his military champion, cutting ſentence by ſentence, ſtep by ſtep, coup pour coup; while on the other ſide ſtood a prieſt, chaunting aloud

* Anno 1755.

the rubric of Frere Come's book over another corpſe, his repreſentative nicking and cutting with the biſtoury cachée of Frere Come. Theſe were the true and leal knights of the ſcalpel, ſtanding forth in complete ſteel to defend their reſpective lords. This ordeal laſted for twenty days: the dead and wounded were equal on both ſides.

We reflect that we are explaining thoſe matters to a Profeſſor of Phyſic, who has every thing to learn, and have therefore related, rather diffuſely, the preliminary hiſtory of the Scoop. The Scoop, like the bayonet, is a weapon which ſuits pieces of all kinds and calibres, and is in univerſal uſe. The Scoop, as we have juſt related, has been uſed blunt and ſharp for two hundred years. When Joannes de Romanis performed lithotomy by dilatation, or rather by laceration, this ſcoop was *a dilator*, and a chief inſtrument in the Apparatus Major. When Frere Jaques taught ſurgeons to cut boldly with the knife, and Mery and Raw taught them to cut ſafely, this ſame ſcoop ſerved to direct the forceps; then it became a *conductor*. When Sir Cæſar Hawkins taught ſurgeons to perform that inciſion blindly with the ſharpened ſide of this ſcoop, which ſhould be performed ſkilfully with the knife, he ſharpened the edge, and named it the *Cutting Conductor*, or *Gorget*. He thus enabled ignorant men to thruſt a ſharp ſcoop into the bladder, who never could have reached it with the knife, and to cut parts which they could not diſſect.

This is the ſcoop which the Memorialiſt ſpeaks of in terms of juſt contempt. By this ſharp ſcoop being run in along a grooved ſtaff, that inciſion (the moſt critical in the operation) is conducted by a groove which ſhould be guided by the eye, and by the feeling. The breadth of the ſcoop is varied according to the caprice of a workman, and yet it is the meaſure of that inciſion which ſhould be proportioned, not merely to the ſize of the patient, but to the exigencies of the caſe. This ſharp ſcoop has annihilated the profeſſion of Lithotomiſt, and delivered the operation into very ignorant hands; it excludes all ſuperiority of ſkill, without precluding any poſſible danger; for by "the deviation of half a quarter of an inch, it makes a mortal wound." This ſcoop makes the operation ſo blindly mechanical, that the beſt ſurgeon is almoſt on a level with the worſt, and no man can be reſponſible for its deviations.

Our Profeſſor of Anatomy ſays, that "the operation may be done, as it is now done, blindfold;" it is indeed a plunge in the dark, and it gives us infinite pleaſure that we can entirely agree with the Memorialiſt in this one thing, his abhorrence of this murderous ſcoop. In this libel we have pleaded on his ſide, and endeavoured to "ſhow cauſe." But before he return our compliment, and ſignify his concurrence with us, he had beſt conſult ſome of his elderly counſellors. We are ſure he muſt have written unpremeditately and unadviſedly about this ſcoop! it is more neceſſary to his beſt friends than he is aware of: Take their ſcoop from them, and their

well-grooved conductor! put a knife and a ſtaff into their hands, what could they perform?

This operation of lithotomy is one which experience will never teach, which muſt be performed according to the anatomy of the parts, *even by thoſe who plunge the ſcoop*. The forms of the inciſion cannot change, ſo that it is a piece of profeſſional dexterity, in which a young man, after having learnt it correctly, cannot greatly improve. It is the operation which requires youth and courage, the ſteady hand and the fearleſs mind; and a young man juſt diſmiſſed from the ſchools, well ſtudied in anatomy, and ambitious of performing operations, will acquit himſelf with a degree of dexterity and ſpirit, which he cannot have when he has forſaken the Hoſpital and the public operations, to follow after the gains of private practice. Then the traces of anatomy are worn out from his memory; the paſſion for performing operations has expired; his mind has ſubſided into that liſtleſsneſs, and his habits into that cold and formal routine of practice, which the Memorialiſt himſelf has noticed: He begins to glide quietly down the ſtream, without even the deſire of diſtinguiſhing what remains of life by one bold exertion or active virtue; he ſhuns all hazard of his reputation, and is wrapt up iu that ſordid paſſion which marks old age, which is the fouleſt blot in our profeſſion, and eats up every virtue.

"In the country of Laputa, there are born every year two or three immortals, diſtinguiſhed by a ſpot in the

middle of the forehead, which is firſt red or purple, and grows black ſlowly. They are capable, till the fiftieth year, of performing all the uſual duties of ſociety; at that time they become feeble and imbecil, loſe their teeth and their hair: the diſeaſes they are ſubject to ſtill continue; in talking they forget the common appellation of things; they eat and drink whatever is preſented to them without heſitation; they are deaf, like old Barſiliai, to the voice of ſinging men and ſinging women; they forget the names of their neareſt relations and kindred, but they are carefully fed and clothed by them, and led abroad in ſunſhine weather for air and exerciſe; they live for ever, but by the law they are excuſed from all exerciſes of civil offices, and eſpecially excluded from any public charge." Your Memorialiſt has been pleaſed to take us under his peculiar care, and has reverſed in our favour the laws of Laputa, and ſuch is his paternal tenderneſs that he is at this moment making intereſt with all public and private ſocieties, to hinder us from encountering the dangers and diſtreſſes of this toilſome life, till the ſpeck of immortality be fairly blackened in our foreheads, and the ſhaking and the quaking be begun.

We have explained thus fully the operation of cutting for the ſtone, becauſe it is the chief work of the ſurgeon. But if the ſame reaſoning do not apply correctly to every other operation, our logic is contemptible, and has no manner of affinity with the reaſoning of the Greek mathematicians. The chief operations of an hoſpital are, Lithotomy, Hernia, Trepan, Amputation, Hydrocele, and the

Extirpation of Tumours. The occaſion of performing thoſe operations returns from week to week, and no man inclined to learn his profeſſion can want opportunities in your Hoſpital of ſeeing theſe operations performed. But the performing of them, far from requiring experience, is the very drudgery of our profeſſion; nor is any young man received into the army or navy who is not capable of performing the operations of Hernia, Amputation, and Trepan. Shall we, then, who have been bred in your Hoſpital, who are trained to ſurgery, who have ſerved under the ſurgeons of this Hoſpital and city, who have aſſiſted at operations, and performed them with our own hands! ſhall we, who have by our ſervices and diligence obtained the name of Surgeons, and entered into our profeſſion with better proſpects, be degraded below the condition of mates? Yet ſuch will be the condition of the Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons, the moment your Inſtitution is given into the hands of thoſe men who are gaping for preferment and gain of every kind; who are torturing government with ſolicitations, with beggarly petitions in the form of MEMORIALS, deſiring to be ELECTED SURGEONS-GENERAL to SCOTLAND! Should we ever have the happineſs of peruſing thoſe patriotic productions, thoſe royal and courtly memorials, we have no doubt to find them excel in elegance even thoſe which are now addreſſed to the Managers of the Royal Infirmary.

The great operations of ſurgery are but five or ſix in number; they depend not on experience! a man of the

plaineſt intellects can perceive that they depend on the anatomy of the parts. What does Hernia require? a knowledge of the anatomy of the Peritoneum, of the form and appearance of the Herniary Sac, of the condition and appearance of that Ring or opening through which the bowels are protruded, and, finally, the appearance of the gut itſelf.

What is required towards performing the operation of Trepan carefully, ſteadily, and ſlowly too? (for ſlowneſs is required): Surely nothing is more eaſy than twirling the Trepan! But nothing can be more doubtful than the propriety of operating dextrouſly, that is to ſay, rapidly, where hurry or precipitation muſt do harm. This operation, then, requires no particular dexterity of hand, but merely a knowledge of the anatomy and irregularities of the Skull, Dura Mater, and Brain.

In the Extirpation of Tumours, what is required! What would experience enable the moſt fearleſs operator to do? Nothing but miſchief! Experience will not teach a phyſician the nature of any internal diſeaſe, unleſs he know the ſtructure of the diſeaſed bowels! Experience will enable no man to judge whether the Extirpation of a Tumour be dangerous or ſafe; nor will experience direct the ſurgeon how, or with what precautions, to extirpate a dangerous tumour, unleſs he underſtand thoroughly the Veſſels, Nerves, and even the leſs important parts with which it is connected. The precautions taken in extirpating tumours, and in performing all irregular operations, are the precautions not of an experienced, but of a well-inſtructed man:—A patient of good ſenſe would think himſelf in imminent danger under the care of one

who remembered unfortunate accidents, but who, from want of knowledge, were unable to prevent them. But he would believe himſelf ſafe under the care of a man of foreſight, who, though he had never done, nor ſeen others do a miſchief, knew the ſtructure of the parts which he were about to operate upon, and had both judgement and knowledge to prevent harm. The irregular operations of ſurgery then, and eſpecially the treatment or extirpation of tumours in various parts of the body, requires a perfect knowledge of the anatomy of all parts of the body, that the ſurgeon, who attempts any operation, may foreſee the dangers, avoid the great veſſels, and cut with ſafety.

But, gentlemen, while we feel our own reſponſibility, we cannot but reflect on yours, and it is with infinite concern that we ſee the faults which this daring writer has aſcribed to the younger ſurgeons imputed to you as crimes; for this unfeeling impugnator addreſſes himſelf not to you, but to the public, proclaims the execrable ſyſtem and ſordid bargain as a public crime, to be expiated only by ſuch a public trial as this. He does not ſcruple to ſay, that you, or your more criminal predeceſſors, forfeiting all public truſt, honour, and confidence, have committed treaſon againſt the poor, and have ſold, by a moſt inhuman contract, the limbs and lives of your fellow-citizens: that your ſurgeons are young, raſh, cruel, unſkilful: that you are guilty of the ſame treaſon in continuing this execrable ſyſtem: That to be privileged to do ſo, you would need to prove, "that a poor man, when received ſick into your Hoſpital, with reſpect to health, and life, and limb, is no better than an ox, and the hide of an ox."

The world knows not the heated imagination from which thoſe accuſations proceed; but we who do, find much reaſon to queſtion, whether in his moſt ſerious and reflecting moments, (if indeed he has the misfortune to reflect at any time on his conduct),—he judges more correctly of the real dangers, than of the real merits, of a ſurgical operation.

To thoſe ignorant of our profeſſion, it is matter of daily ſurpriſe, that the patient on whom an operation has been ill performed recovers ſometimes more eaſily than a patient on whom an operation has been performed by the moſt ſkilful hand. What can this mean? Are the terms ill and good improperly applied to operations? Are the beſt judges deceived when they ſay, an operation has been well performed? No, ſurely; but the high or the low vulgar do not know this, that a bad operation is but an aukward operation, which, tho' fatal to the ſurgeon's reputation, is not dangerous to the patient's life. The Memorialiſt never ſaw an operation; and we are at ſome loſs to gueſs what an ignorant perſon may imagine to be the conſequences of an ill-performed operation; but we, who have ſeen many operations, both good and bad, have ſeen none of thoſe murders, which the Memorialiſt has more than hinted at.

Some men there are who have ſuch uncouth manners, ungraceful perſons, and ungainly poſtures; who go through their operations with ſuch irregular and ambiguous motions of the head and hand; that, when they begin their work, in place of following willingly with your eye, you feel your ſpirits hurried with anxiety and expectation!

Perplexed, perturbed, unable to gueſs at their deſign, you cannot look upon their operation without ſuffering a very painful ſympathy with the patient. But are theſe to be conſtrued into marks of ignorance? or is this aukwardneſs accompanied with real danger to the patient? Is he allowed to die of hæmorrhagy? are the inciſions ſo irregular, or the parts ſo mangled, that they will not adhere? or are his ſufferings ſo prolonged as to drive him into preſent delirium? No; we on the contrary find all the ſterling ſenſe, all the eſſential knowledge, all the dexterity neceſſary to ſucceſs even in an aukward man, in one who has not thoſe talents, or tricks, which amuſe a ſet of barren ſpectators, and incline them (eſpecially thoſe who meaſure dexterity by the ſtop-watch) to ſay, "He is a dextrous operator?" The apiſh tricks, and whifling agility of a charlatan we can never approve: We ſhould be ſorry to ſee ſuch manners introduced into a ſerious profeſſion: We obſerve plain blunt men go through their duties deliberately, ſteadily, and ſafely: We reſerve our approbation for thoſe who underſtand well the eſſentials of their profeſſion, and can eaſily pardon that aukwardneſs which is hurtful only to the operator, which even injures him only in the opinion of the leſs diſcerning.

When a Profeſſor inſtructs his pupils in the operations of ſurgery, does he teach them only the forms and outſide flouriſhes, the *ſteps* of an operation, as they are called? Or when a ſurgeon of the Old School wiſhes to renew his leſſons in ſurgery, does he come up to town, "like Scrub, to learn from brother Martin, the laſt new flouriſh of the knives?" No; his teacher in-

ſtructs him in the eſſentials of his profeſſion, in the anatomy of the parts! He traces the nerves and blood-veſſels along with him, obſerving when, and by what miſconduct they may be wounded. He diſſects the glands with him, in order to explain where they lie; how they are connected; by what diſorders they are enlarged; and how they may be moſt ſafely extirpated. He teaches him how to extirpate a tumor; to amputate a limb; to cut down to the roots of a confirmed and ſpreading diſeaſe; and to operate for the ſtone without plunging the ſharp ſcoop into the bowels, and making a mortal wound. To every pupil he teaches faithfully the eſſentials of each operation, leaving him to perform it, "after whatever flouriſh his nature may give him to."

Theſe ſame flouriſhes conſtitute what is called the addreſs of a dextrous operator. Yet no perſon of good ſenſe would deſpiſe the ſober talents of a plain blunt man; nor prefer the gaudy affectation of a quack or oculiſt, to the ſagacious head, and coarſe but ſkilful hand, of a Sandie Wood. The Memorialiſt tells us, he ſaw once the bloodleſs operation of Baron Wenzell! there we are ſure, he ſaw a laced ruffle and a ſapphire ring:—But he never had the good fortune to ſee the bold operations of a John Hunter, a Pott, a Deaſe, (the great lithotomiſt), or of Mr Wood, the protector and encourager of his younger brethren. They were not nice, delicate, and pretty operators; they were all, without one exception, unaffected plain, blunt, men.

Gentlemen, we need hardly ſay, that to perform operations is the peculiar province of young ſurgeons. That our education is now improved, and ſurgery become a

more important object of ſtudy: that no young man wants opportunities of attending lectures, and of performing operations and diſſections, on the dead body: that in our college we have not one, but many, who are ſkilful in anatomy; not one, but many, who have ſtudied operations. Inſenſible to any ſelfiſh fear inconſiſtent wirh our duties, we have, with due humility and diligence, ſtudied our profeſſion, and often, before operating in your Hoſpital, have been at pains to perform our operations on the dead body. We have always entered upon our duties in your Hoſpital with reverence, becauſe the lives of our fellow-creatures are concerned; we have endeavoured to fulfil them with ſincerity and good faith, for the ſake of the peace and happineſs of our own minds: There we feel no miſgiving; and had the unjuſt and cruel repreſentations of the Memorialiſt been confined to thoſe who are to judge of theſe matters, we ſhould have read his accuſations with indifference, nor have ſaved his Memorial from falling into that neglect, to which it ſeems to be condemned by an impartial public. We affirm, in ſpite of his moſt illiberal reflections, that there have been operations performed in your Hoſpital, which would have done honour to any ſchool in ſurgery! That there have been operations of delicate and difficult diſſection ſucceſsfully performed by your younger ſurgeons, which the ſurgeons of the old ſchool would not have touched with a finger.

Nor do we think it very honourable to your Memorialiſt, that amidſt all the affectation of liberality ſo conſpicuous in his volume, there is not one word

that can be conſtrued into a ſenſe honourable to young ſurgeons: that he affects to conceal particular faults, for no apparent purpoſe but to involve us all in one general accuſation: that he affects ignorance of many bold and dextrous operations, which even the loweſt of his fellow-citizens have heard the report of. He has ſpoken publicly what muſt be publicly refuted. We are aſſociated to repel indecencies which ſhock the feelings of all good men, but injure us only. It is not the bitterneſs of our wrath, nor the ſeverity of our cenſures, that he will feel; the public is his tribunal, as it is ours. Let him enquire into the public mind, if he find conſolation there, we too may pardon him.

Here end our proofs. We are indeed young ſurgeons! The very head and front of our offending has this extent, no more! but if we are not to be driven from ſociety, we muſt be allowed to have ſome ſhare in our profeſſion. The merit of experience and obſervation is denied us. Operations, it is declared, we are unable to perform. If we want judgement in the common duties of our profeſſion; if we want ſkill for its moſt ordinary operations; if we want ability to perform deliberately, and aſſiſted by our brethren, the ordinary offices of an Hoſpital, who will receive us in private life? If we want ſpirit to reſent the inſolencies of this Memorial, what will become of us?

Yet we hardly know how we are entitled to expreſs our particular reſentment, ſince we are not ſure that we are entitled to arrogate to ourſelves any remarkable proportion of this gentleman's abuſe! He makes no

partial diſtinctions, ſpares no trade, nor profeſſion, nor ſtate, nor ſtage of life! All ſciences, arts, and learning, he equally knows and deſpiſes; and this torrent of abuſe is rolled forth with a precipitancy of utterance, which excludes all reflection, and a turbulence of language which defies all criticiſm! What kind of writing muſt that be, which deprives its author of the moſt natural of all claims to indulgence,—the deſire of doing good?

We are fearful, leſt while we feel and reſent his conduct, we ſhould ſeem rude to you, and regardleſs of that profeſſion, which we are ſworn to honour and defend. To you, gentlemen, as a public body, we owe all poſſible reſpect; as repreſentatives of the humane and charitable, and adminiſtrators of the firſt hoſpital in this city, we profeſs reverence and duty to you. We have been educated to ſurgery under your own eye; in your own ſchool, have we learnt our operations, and received thoſe important parts of education, of which we have a grateful remembrance: there, too, we have been early impreſſed with ſentiments ſuited to our ſtation, and by modeſt diligence and labour we hope ſo to fulfil our duties now and always, as to ſet ourſelves above the reproaches of this Memorialiſt. We are naturally attached to that branch of our profeſſion, which ſuits with the natural intrepidity of youth. We endeavour to cheriſh in our minds an affectionate regard for our fellow-creatures; we hope we carry with us ſentiments not unworthy of our profeſſion into every houſe of mourning, "for we are accuſtomed to ſee people, once the gay and the happy, ſunk in deep retired diſtreſs, ſometimes ſtruggling with

bodily anguiſh, ſometimes devoted to a lingering and painful death."

Of the Memorialiſt we ſhall alſo take our leave, tho' in terms leſs fervent or reſpectful. The ceremonial of taking leave muſt be complied with: his talents, his profeſſional reputation, his literary atchievements, his ſtation in the Univerſity, require all due obſervance. "His genius for quarrelling with his profeſſional brethren" is the natural ſubject of our valedictory addreſs; the ſhare of this very peculiar talent, which he has been pleaſed to beſtow on us and our private matters, enſures to him this laſt mark of our regard.

Conſcious that he had ſaid ſuch things as young men of ſpirit could never endure, he has taken precautions not unworthy of his genius; and tried, by a curious anticipation, to take off the effect of our juſt reproaches *. The public and avowed diſapprobation of a whole college, he has imputed to the reſentment of one man, who, though he once ſtood forth in ſelf-defence when his own reputation was attacked by anonymous pamphlets, had no quarrel with the Memorialiſt, whom he never feared nor hated! nor hates nor fears.

* "Perhaps the formidable Janus-headed Jonathan Dawplucker, Eſq. notwithſtanding his former kindneſs to me, and all the civil and kind things which I have ſaid of him and his books, will officiate as high-prieſt, and from his two mouths will thunder forth the direful ſentence, and with his own four hands begin the ſacrifice, by plucking me as bare as a fiſh. This I ſhall conſider as a very great honour, and a particular favour; for it will complete the evidence of all that I wiſh to eſtabliſh, and *give to the Managers of this Infirmary, and to the Public, a juſt notion of the inveterate rancour of medical hatred.*" Theſe are the terms in which the Memorialiſt threatens (not to uſe any coarſer expreſſion) the oldeſt of the young ſurgeons, whoſe natural duty it was to ſtand forward in the general cauſe.

Our Memorialiſt, ill contented with this great exertion of his peculiar talent! ſenſible of an imperfection in his work, while he has attained only to a general quarrel, faſtens his quarrel at laſt on this perſon, and perſecutes him with ſuch praiſe as his nature will allow him to beſtow. He calls him the head of our party! a cunning compliment: he calls him the Junius and the Janus of medical literature! an ironical compliment: he deſcribes him as the moſt turbulent man of a turbulent ſociety! a ſelfiſh compliment; ſince it reminds us of that boaſted accompliſhment in which the Memorialiſt himſelf never was excelled, and recals the memory of his own quarrels, numberleſs and nameleſs, Lordly †, Literary, and Obſtetrical! Metaphyſical, Polemical, Surgical, and Moral too! for how can ſuch a man, when he quarrels with all good men, eſcape quarreling ſometimes "on a moral cauſe?" But we leave the unwearied Memorialiſt to complete the work he delights in, and finiſh the particular quarrel he has ſo happily begun.

Yet why ſhould we be diſpleaſed with any ſlight contrivance, which ſaves the Memorialiſt from the perplexity of naming the real favourer and protector of the younger ſurgeons;—a man, whoſe liberal conduct and unaffected goodneſs, whoſe profeſſional talents, whoſe generous diſpoſitions, we admire affectionately; who ſeems, as the poet ſays, "to have put a ſoft heart in a rough caſe, that it might wear through the world."

Mr Alexander Wood, ſurgeon, has, unſolicited, attended

† The Memorialiſt inſinuates, that his quarrels are only profeſſional quarrels; but tho' he cajoles the bar, he quarrels with the bench.

our operations. He has always aſſiſted and encouraged, by his preſence and counſel, the young men of his own profeſſion, and is ſaid, out of his own free and generous nature, to have aſſiſted Dr Cullen! to place a phyſician, a youth of four and twenty! in one of the chairs of the firſt Univerſity in Europe. Him we honour as Father of our College, as the oldeſt of our profeſſion in this city, and as the generous protector of every young ſurgeon: Nor ſhall we ever envy that man his private feelings, who differs from him on a moral cauſe. That the public may have no doubt whom we conſider as the head of our party, and the protector of the young ſurgeons, we tranſcribe with pleaſure the dedication prefixed by one of our number to a book publiſhed ſome years ago. It expreſſes our ſentiments, and, we believe, the univerſal ſentiment of our fellow-citizens.

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED

TO

ALEXANDER WOOD,

SURGEON,

WHOSE ABILITIES, AND SKILL, AND DISINTERESTED CONDUCT,

HAVE RAISED HIM, BY COMMON CONSENT,

TO THE FIRST RANK IN A MOST USEFUL PROFESSION,

CONDUCTING HIM IN HONOUR TO THAT PERIOD OF LIFE,

IN WHICH HE MUST FEEL, WITH PLEASURE,

HOW COMPLETELY HE ENJOYS THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PUBLIC,

AND THE ESTEEM OF ALL GOOD MEN.

When Dr Gregory ſhall have attained the higheſt ſtation in a moſt uſeful profeſſion, and ſhall have won the

confidence and eſteem of all good men, we ſhall be happy to ſubſcribe ourſelves with a degree of reſpect and reverence, which at preſent we cannot affect to feel. Meanwhile we leave him to enjoy the honour of differing from this worthy man: He claims this honour! and let the world take note, "it is for a moral cauſe."

FINIS.

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